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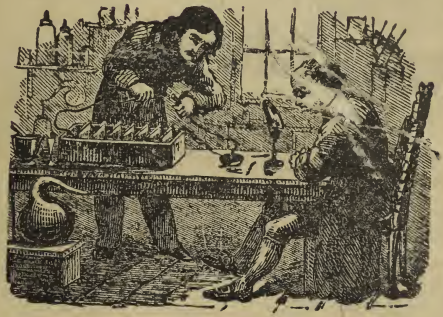
MERRY'S

BOOK OF PUZZLES.



EDITED BY ROBERT MERRY

Stearns, John Newton,

NEW YORK:
[illegible] & CO., PUBLISHERS,
[illegible] NASSAU STREET.

MERRY'S BOOK OF PUZZL

1.

2.

reat a le
complete it in time?

re young ladies like arrows?

is a philanthropist like an old horse?

v can five persons divide five eggs, so that each
ail receive one, and still one remain in the dish?

How many soft-boiled eggs could the giant Goliah
pon an empty stomach?

. What fishes have their eyes nearest together?

9. Two fathers have each a square of land. One father
vides his so as to reserve to himself one-fourth in the
orm of a square; thus—

The other father divides his so as to reserve to himself one-fourth in the form of a triangle; thus—

They each have four sons, and each divides the remainder among his sons in such a way that each son will share equally with his brother, and in similar shape. How were the two farms divided?

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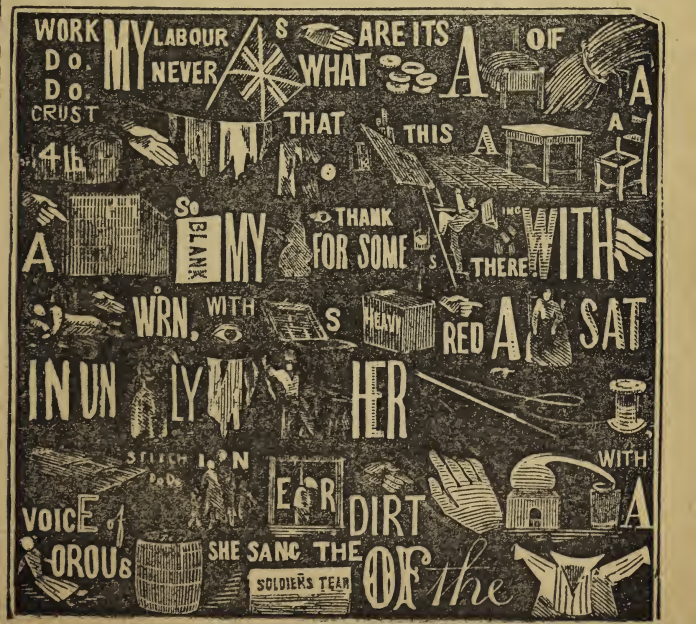
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12. What is that which is often brought to table, often cut, but never eaten?

13. My first is four-sixths of a step that is long,
My second is a person of state;
My whole is a thing that is known to be wrong,
And is a strong symptom of hate.

14. Why are your nose and chin always at variance?

15. Without my first you can not stand,
My second beauteous fair command;
Together I attend your will,
And am your humble servant still.

16. Why ought a fisherman to be very wealthy?

17. Why is a man in debt like a misty morning?

18. Who was the first that bore arms?

19. There is a word of seven letters; the first two refers to man, the first three refers to woman, the first four signifies a great man, the seven a great woman.

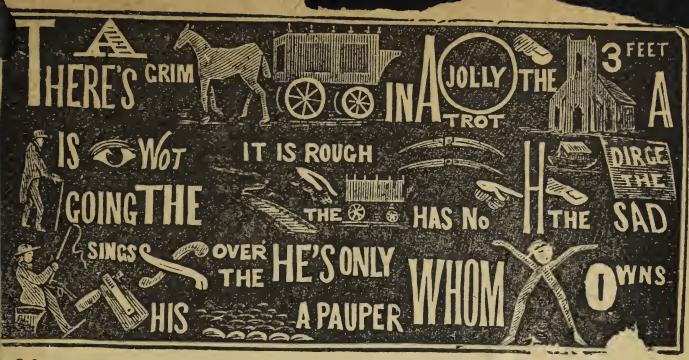
20. I am a word of five letters. Take away my first, and I am the name of what adorns the estate of many of the nobility of England. Take away my first and second, and I am the name of a place where all the world was once congregated. Take away my last, and I am the name of a beautiful mineral. Take away my two last, and I am the name of a fashionable place of resort. I am small in stature, but capable of doing a great deal of mischief, as I once did in London in the year 1666.

21. Spell eye-water four letters.

22. Why is swearing like an old coat?

23. Why is a thump like a hat?

24. Why is an inn like a burial-ground?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27. If a fender cost six dollars, what will a ton of coal come to?

28. What word is that to which if you add a syllable, it will make it shorter?

29. My first is a very uncomfortable state,
In cold weather it mostly abounds.
My second's an instrument formed of hard steel,
That will cause the stout foe to stagger and reel,
And when used, is a symptom of hate.
My whole is an author of greatest renown,
Whose fame to the last day of time will go down.

30. What is the longest and yet the shortest thing in the world; the swiftest and yet the slowest; the most divisible and the most extended; the least valued and the most regretted; without which nothing can be done; which devours every thing, however small, and yet gives life and spirits to every object, however great?

31. My first is found in every house,
From wintry winds it guards.
My second is the highest found—
In every pack of cards.
My whole, a Scottish chief, is praised
By ballad, bard, and story,
Who for his country gave his life,
And, dying, fell with glory.

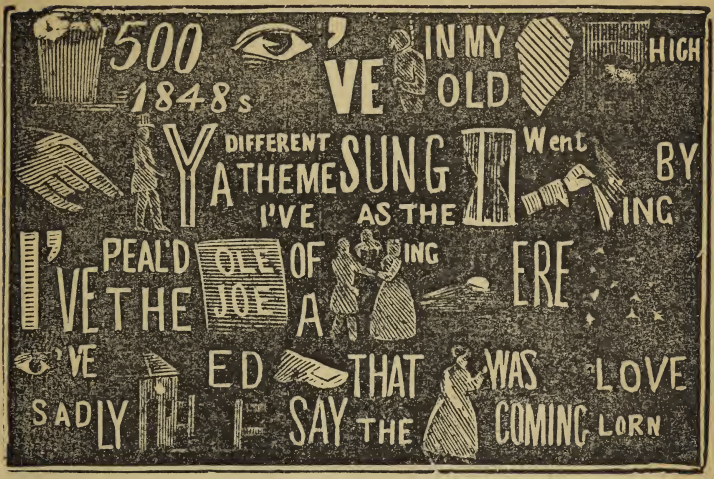
32. Why are handsome women like bread?

33. Why is an avaricious man like one with a short memory?

34. What river in Bavaria answers the question, Whc is there?

35. Why is a man with wooden legs like one who has an even bargain?

36.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38. Why is a parish bell like a good story?

39. What belongs to yourself, yet is used by others more than yourself?

40. In camps about the centre I appear;
In smiling meadows seen throughout the year;
The silent angler views me in the streams,
And all must trace me in their morning dreams,
First in the mob conspicuous I stand,
Proud of the lead, and ever in command.

41. The head of a whale is six feet long; his tail is as long as his head and half his body, and his body is half of his whole length. How long is the whale?

42. A hundred stones are placed, in a straight line, a yard distant from each other. How many yards must a person walk, who undertakes to pick them up, and place them in a basket stationed one yard from the first stone?

43. My first is a part of the day,
My last a conductor of light,
My whole to take measure of time,
Is useful by day and by night.

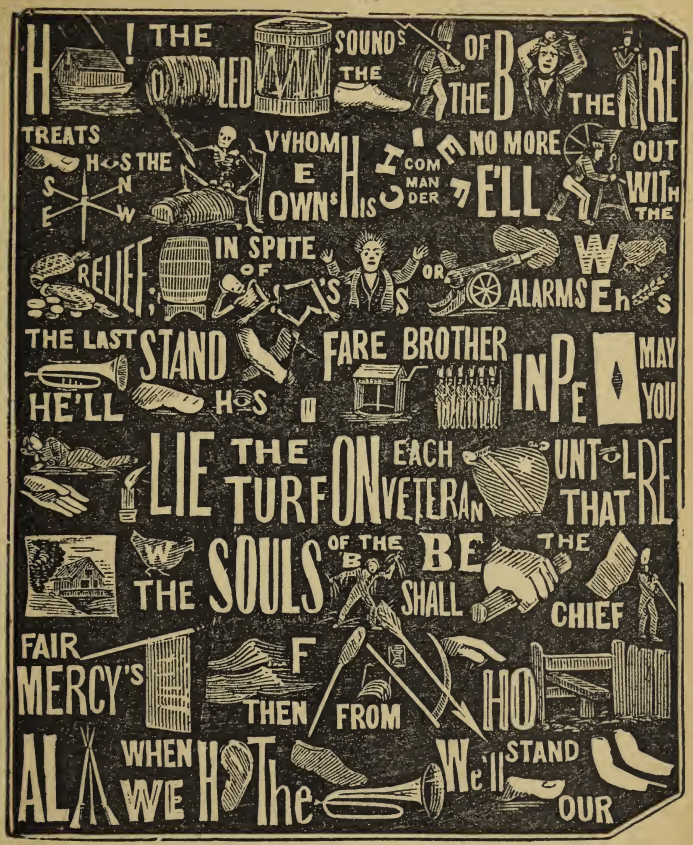
44. I am a word of three syllables, each of which is a word; my first is an article in common use; my second, an animal of uncommon intelligence; my third, though not an animal, is used in carrying burdens. My whole is a useful art.

45. There was a man who was *not* born,
His father was *not* born before him,
He did *not* live, he did *not* die,
And his epitaph is *not* o'er him.

46. Why is a nail, fast in the wall, like an old man?

47. Why does a miller wear a white hat?

48.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50. My first is a letter commanding to wed,
Or to lift your sole till it reaches your head;
Nothing worth as a whole, it is plain to all men
That divided in halves, it is equal to ten;

My second, though nothing, compared to the other,
Is worth more as a partner than its double-faced brother;
It moans and it sighs, and when joined to my first,
Pronounces the doom of the sinner accursed.

My third, you will find his whole value depends
On the worth and position of neighbors and friends,
And, when both the other two following fair,
Changes doom to desire, and a curse to a prayer.

My fourth, though it formeth no part of a hundred,
Shows where it can justly and evenly be sundered:
'Tis found in the elements everywhere present,
'Tis found in all seasons, unpleasant or pleasant,
'Tis the chief of all lands, and yet can not wait
On continent, hemisphere, empire, or state.
Though ne'er in Great Britain suspected to lower,
'Tis the heart of each quarter of that mighty power;
It always belonged to the animal race,
In the mineral kingdom they gave it a place,
And, being impartial, they could not deny,
The vegetable order its virtue to try;
And yet, since creation, it never was known
In beast, bird, or fish, root, branch, stem, or stone.

My whole you'll find growing in pasture and barns,
Or grown in coats, carpets, warm blankets, and yarns,
In England, in Saxony, France, and old Wales,
And in sundry more places it always prevails.
Of quadrupedal origin—still it is known
In bipedal families oft to be shown; [tions
But the strangest of all its strange forms and condi-
Is seen in the covering of sage politicians.

51.

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53. What is that which is invisible, but never out of sight?

54. When is a boat like a knife?

55. What part of London is in France

56. How many black beans will make five white ones?

57. Why is a dandy like a haunch of venison?

58. What kin is that child to its father who is not its father's own son?

59. Why is a rose-bud like a promissory note?

60. What biblical name is there which expresses a father calling his son by name, and his son replying?

61. Why is an orange not like a church bell?

62. Why is the largest city in Ireland likely to be the largest city in the world?

63. Three-fourths of a cross, and a circle complete,
An upright where two semicircles meet,
A rectangle triangle standing on feet,
Two semicircles, and a circle complete.

64. What smells most in a drug shop?

65. Why should doctors attend to window-sashes?

66. G. a. $\frac{\text{p}}{\text{A.}}$

67. What is that which every one can divide, but no one can see where it has been divided?

68. Spell hard water with three letters.

69. What letters of the alphabet come too late for supper?

70.

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73. Pronounced as one letter, and written with three,
Two letters there are, and two only in me;
I'm double, I'm single, I'm black, blue, and gray,
I am read from both ends, and the same either way,
I am restless and wandering, steady and fixed,
And you know not one hour what I may be the next.
I melt, and I kindle—beseech, and defy,
I am watery and moist, I am fiery and dry.
I am scornful and scowling, compassionate, meek;
I am light, I am dark, I am strong, I am weak.
I'm piercing and clean, I am heavy and dull;
Expressive and languid, contracted and full.
I'm a globe and a mirror, a window, a door,
An index, an organ, and fifty things more.
I belong to all animals under the sun,
And to those who were long understood to have none.
My language is plain, though it can not be heard,
And I speak without even pronouncing a word.
Some call me a diamond—some say I am jet;
Others talk of my water, or how I am set.
I'm a borough in England, in Scotland a stream,
And an isle of the sea in the Irishman's dream.
The earth without me would no loveliness wear,
And sun, moon, and stars at my wish disappear.
Yet so frail is my tenure, so brittle my joy,
That a speck gives me pain, and a drop can destroy.

73. What vessel is that which is always asking leave to move?

74. Translate the following into Latin—
42, 8 rocks, e e e e e e e e e e, 46. 2. 14. 8. 0.

75. How is it that you can work with an awl, but not with a forceps; while I can work with a forceps, and not with an awl?

76

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77. *Add*, was the word the master gave to Dick,
Dick scratched his head, and looking rather thick,
Replied, "*Hereafter it would make it stick.*"
"Dick," cried the master, "rudeness is a sin;
Behold the stocks, I'll surely put you *in.*"
"That," answered Dick, "won't alter it a feather,
Hereafter it would make it hold together."
"Dick," said the man, "if you insult me so,
Your shoulders and my rod I'll put in *Co.*"
"'Tis all the same," said Dick, "my worthy master,
Hereafter it would make it stick the faster."

78. Why is France like a skeleton?

79. Why is a woodman like a stage actor?

80. Why is the hour of noon on the dial-plate like a pair of spectacles?

81. Why is the best baker most in want of bread?

82. Whether old Homer tippled wine or beer,
Julep or cider, history is not clear;
But plain it is—the bard, though wont to roam,
But for one liquid, never had left home.

83. Why is a coward like a mouse-trap?

84. Why is green grass like a mouse?

85. What two reasons why whispering in company is not proper?

86. My first is found on the ocean wave,
In the spring, the pit, and the mine;
My second below earth's surface you have,
Where seldom the sun can shine.
My whole your dinner-table must grace,
And seldom fails to obtain a place.

87. Why is a gooseberry pie like counterfeit money?

88.

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89. Why does a fisherman blow his horn?

90. Why is there no danger of starving in a desert?

91. Take half of the needle
By which sailors steer
Their ship through the water,
Be it cloudy or clear;
Do not really break it—
This of all things were worst--
But in your mind take it,
And this makes my first.
At thanksgiving or Christmas,
My second you see;
With care well compounded,
From grain, shrub, and tree.
My whole like some people
Who make great pretense,
Of words have a plenty,
But no great stock of sense.

92. How is it that Methuselah was the oldest man, when he died before his father?

93. My first is a negative greatly in use,
By which people begin when they mean to refuse;
My second is Fashion, or so called in France,
But, like other whims, is the servant of chance.
An article always in use is my whole,
With texture and form under fashion's control;
But, alas! not a thing can it see which goes by,
Although many have four sights, and all have one eye.

94. What is that which, supposing its greatest breadth to be four inches, length nine inches, and depth three inches, contains a solid foot?

95.

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96. My tongue is long, my breath is strong,
And yet I breed no strife;
My voice you hear both far and near,
And yet I have no life.

97. A waterman rows a given distance, *a*, and back again in *b* hours, and finds that he can row *c* miles with the current, for *d* miles against it. Required, the time of rowing down, the time of rowing up, the rate of current, and the rate of rowing.

98. As I was beating on the far east grounds,
Up starts a hare before my two greyhounds;
The dogs, being light of foot, did fairly run,
To her fifteen rods, just twenty-one;
And the distance that she started up before,
Was six-and-ninety rods, just and no more;
Now, I would have you Merry boys declare
How far they ran, before they caught the hare.

99. Is it possible to put twelve pieces of money in six rows, and have four in a row?

100. A gentleman sent a servant with a present of nine ducks, with this direction—

"To Alderman Gobble, with ix. ducks."

The servant took out three, and contrived it so that the direction corresponded with the number of the ducks. He neither erased nor altered a letter. How did he do it?

101. Four letters form me quite complete,
As all who breathe do show;
Reversed, you'll find I am the seat
Of infamy and woe.
Transposed, you'll see I'm base and mean,
Again of Jewish race;
Transposed once more, I oft am seen
To hide a lovely face.

102.

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103. My first is the name to an article given
For ladies and dandies to put on their linen;
It comes from the forest, I've heard people say,
And is made from the skin of an animal gay.
My second is a fruit that comes from the South,
The juice of it is sour, and 'twill pucker your mouth;
'Tis found in candy shops all over the town,
And, stranger to say, it is almost round.
My whole is an article that is often seen
In the gardens and fields almost covered with green,
It is very sweet, and also pleasant to eat,
And in hot summer days affords a rich treat.

104. My first is half of what implies good-humor; my second makes sense of my first; my third sounds like the cry of a kitten; my fourth is a consonant and vowel combined; my fifth, with the addition of the initial of my third, would imply silence; and my whole is what many boys and girls prize highly.

105. I am composed of twelve letters.
My 2, 8, 9, is a substance dug out of the earth.
" 6, 11, 12, 8, is a numeral.
" 4, 2, 3, is an ancient instrument of war.
" 12, 8, 1, is a vessel used in former times.
" 5, is a vowel.
" 4, 7, 1, 9, is a hard substance.
" 10, 9, is a pronoun.
My whole is now before you.

106. My first is appropriate, my second 'tis nine to one if you guess it. My whole elevates the sole above the earth.

107. Why is a conundrum like a monkey?

108. What do we all do when we first get into bed?

109.

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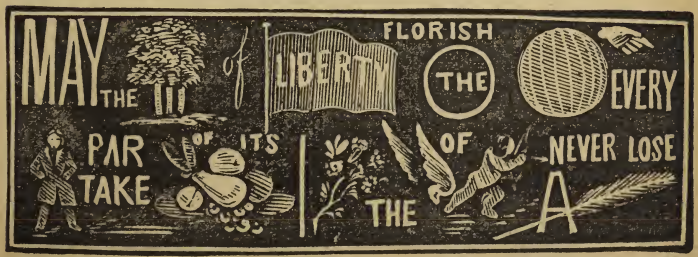
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111. There is one word in the English language which is universally considered a preventive of harm; change a certain letter in it, and you make it an act of cruelty.

112. My first may be fashioned of iron or wood,
And at window or door for safety is placed;
In village or town it does more harm than good,
Leading people their health, time, and money to waste.
My second's a lady, bewitching and fair,
And for love of her people will labor and strive;
Will rise before dawn, and be wearied with care,
And pursue her with ardor as long as they live.
My whole is what ladies admire and approve,
The shopkeeper's boast—the purchaser's prize;
'Tis a ninepenny chintz—'tis a one-shilling glove—
It is something which makes people open their eyes.

113. At what distance must a body have fallen to acquire the velocity of 1,600 feet per second?

114. Of what trade is the sun in May?

115. Why is a small horse like a young musk-melon?

116 My first must grace a legal deed,
With its companion, firm and red;
Its help in marriage, too, they need,
Before the blessing can be said.
My second half a hundred is,
If in the shortest way you spell;
You soon must guess me after this,
I may as well the secret tell.
My whole, by his celestial strains
Bears the rapt soul to worlds above;
The Great Creator's power proclaims,
And tells of the Redeemer's love.

117.

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LET MY
SAY
A
MAY
HE
REIGN'D
THAT
WAS

118.

NO
ED
WEARS
FORTUNE
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T
IS
BEAUTY'S
NOR THE
BRIGHT
WHICH NIGHT'S
BLUE
TWINKLING
ROM
ADORN
NOR
THAT GILD
THE VERNAL
SHINE
AS
WITH SUCH
THE
THAT
OTHERS'
VERTUE'S
CHEEKS
FOR WO
DOWN
LY

119. My first is a boy's nickname; my second is meant for defense; my third is a preposition; my fourth is one of the articles; my fifth is one of the United States. My whole is a large city in Europe.

120. My first is stationed near your heart,
And serves to brace the mortal frame;
Of young and old it forms a part,
And to fair woman gives a name.
Who builds a ship must it employ,
To give it strength to stem the flood,
And Adam felt no real joy
Till in new form by him it stood.
My second may be long or short,
Or tight or loose, or wet or dry,
Of cotton, silk, or woolen wrought,
Of any texture, strength, or dye—
Be made of iron, gold, or steel,
Of love or hate, of good or ill,
May gently bind, or heavy feel,
May give support, or rudely kill.
My whole is formed by fashion, skill, and care,
And what few ladies from their dress can spare.

121. How long would a ball be falling, from the top of a tower that was 400 feet high, to the earth?

122. Why are chairs like men?

123. The foot of a ladder 60 feet long remaining in the same place, the top will just reach a window 40 feet high on one side of the street, and another 30 feet high on the other side. How wide is the street?

124. There is a pile of cannon-balls, the ground tier of which contains 289 balls, and the top tier one ball. Require the whole number of balls in a pile.

125.

TIS GOOD
THE
36
S
THE ON EITHER SIDE OR THE WHERE OLD TALKS WITH
SHEER CONTEMPT OF HU PRIDE CONTEM THE 'D THAT
MEET SO OF X THE THEN COMMANDMENTS ON THE THINK
THE THERE READ WHAT
ING WE R TIS 6 O'CLOCK'S P.M. SOBER
XII SONIE NEGLECTED D ON 'S ALL ING
POW'R DEATH BECAUSE THESE THOUGHTS ARE SURE WIN
THE GIN MORE OR LESS

126.

A
R BAD

127. What skillful housewife does not know
When, where to place my first?
When nicely done, it will not show;
Conspicuous, it is worst.
My second all the world must do,
Either with head or hand,
In different ways the same pursue,
On water, or on land.
My whole a picture is of life,
Varied with good or ill,
With bright or dull, with light or dark,
Arranged with art and skill.

128. What is that which will make you catch cold—cure the cold—and pay the doctor's bill?

129. Why is a joke like a cocoa-nut?

130. When did Esau, the hairy man, lose his whiskers?

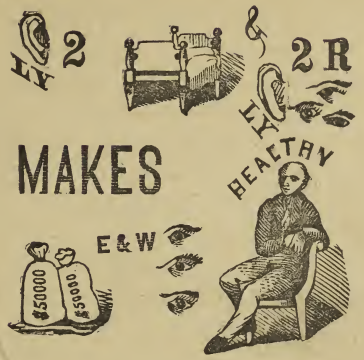
131. Why do postmasters deserve the execration of all true Americans?

132. Just equal are my head and tail,
My middle slender as can be,
Whether I stand on head or heel,
'Tis all the same to you or me.
But if my head should be cut off,
The matter's true, although 'tis strange,
My head and body, severed thus,
Immediately to nothing change

133. If a loafer, smoking a cigar, sets fire to the brush on his upper lip, is it a case of spontaneous combustion?

134. liv sin transgre procur damn
A ing ers ssion ed ation.
dy Redeem pa purchas salv

135.



136.

137.

What sailors dread.

138. I.

Go wide o'er the world,
And every where seek me—
In earth, sea, or air,
Thou never shalt meet me!
Go wide o'er the world—
I always am there—
Wherever thou roamest,
In earth, sea, or air!

II.

Go speak to the woodland,
And question of me—
Oh ne'er shall thou find me,
With forest or tree!
Go, speak to the woodland,
I ever am there,
And live in its whispers,
Though lighter than air!

III.

Go, winnow the wave,
And seek for my breath—
Ah, ocean and river,
Reveal but my death!
Go, winnow the wave,
Tho' with winter it shiver—
There—there shalt thou find
'Mid ocean and river! [me,

IV.

In whirlwinds I revel,
Yet in zephyrs expire—
I flourish in warmth,
And I perish in fire!
The winter I cherish,
Yet each season I shun;
Half living in harvest,
In summer, undone!

V.

I come with the warlock—
I go with the ghoul—
I shriek with the wizard—
I hoot with the owl!
I ride on the hazel
Which witches have rent—
I fly on the wing
Which the eagle hath bent.

VI.

I come and I go—
Oft unseen and unsought;
I live but in words—
I perish in thought.
So to all and to each,
I bid you adieu;
Yet to all and to each,
I stay double with you!

139. Why is the boy that disturbs a hive like a true Christian?

140. What is that which has eyes and sees not, ears and hears not, nose and smells not, yet is often regarded as the *beau-ideal* of a human being.

141. Why is the elephant his own servant?

142. Which of the forest trees bears gain?

143. Who was the heaviest of mechanics?

144. I'm a heavy drag—few things more slow.
Cut off my head, and give me a bow,
And swiftly through the air I go.

145. Why are two heads better than one?

146. Why is a cart-horse always in the wrong place?

147. I follow the plough, and yet I never walk,
Have plenty of teeth, yet neither eat nor talk,
Am strongly barred, and yet I never close,
I scratch and break, but never deal in blows.

148. What is that which has many leaves, but no stem?

149. Why is the letter F like an incendiary?

150. ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.—This consists of six slips of paper or card, on which are written numbers as expressed in the following columns—

A	B	C	D	E	F
1	2	4	8	16	32
3	3	5	9	17	33
5	6	6	10	18	34
7	7	7	11	19	35
9	10	12	12	20	36
11	11	13	13	21	37
13	14	14	14	22	38
15	15	15	15	23	39
17	18	20	24	24	40
19	19	21	25	25	41
21	22	22	26	26	42
23	23	23	27	27	43
25	26	28	28	28	44
27	27	29	29	29	45
29	30	30	30	30	46
31	31	31	31	31	47
33	34	36	40	48	48
35	35	37	41	49	49
37	38	38	42	50	50
39	39	39	43	51	51
41	42	44	44	52	52
43	43	45	45	53	53
45	46	46	46	54	54
47	47	47	47	55	55
49	50	52	56	56	56
51	51	53	57	57	57
53	54	54	58	58	58
55	55	55	59	59	59
57	58	60	60	60	60
59	59	61	61	61	61
61	62	62	62	62	62
63	63	63	63	63	63

The slips being thus prepared, a person is to think of any one of the numbers which they contain, and to give

to the expounder of the question those slips in which the number thought of occurs. To discover this number, the expounder has nothing to do but to add together the numbers at the top of the columns put into his hand. Their sum will express the number thought of.

Example.—Thus, suppose we think of the number 14. We find that this number is in three of the slips, viz., those marked B, C, and D, which are therefore given to the expounder, who, on adding together 2, 4, and 8, obtains 14, the number thought of.

The trick may be varied in the following manner: Instead of giving to the expounder the slips containing the number thought of, these may be kept back, and those in which the number does not occur be given. In this case, the expounder must add together, as before, the numbers at the top of the columns, and subtract their sum from 63. The remainder will be the number thought of.

The slips containing the columns of numbers are usually marked with letters on the back, and not above the columns, as we have expressed them. This renders the deception more complete, as the expounder, knowing beforehand the number at the top of each column, has only to examine the letters at the back of the slips given him, when he performs the problem without looking at the numbers, and thus renders the trick more extraordinary.

151. A pair of little quadrupeds,
Transpose them, and you'll find
The lords of ocean, or the aids
For disciplining mind;
Or that which cheers the midnight hour,
Or gilds the flagstaff high;
Now test your transposition power,
And for the answer try.

152. When is a chair like a rich lady's dress?

153. One *p*, one *i*, four *a*'s, two *r*'s, two *s*'s, two *l*'s—what do they make, and who has made a fortune by them?

154. What odd number will give, on being divided, a half clear of a fraction?

155. I'm in the book, but not on any leaf;
I'm in the mouth, but not in lip or teeth;
I'm in the atmosphere, but never in the air;
I wait on every one, but never on a pair;
I am with you wherever you may go;
And every thing you do I'm sure to know;
Though when you did it I should not be there,
Yet when 'twas done, you'd find me in the chair.

156. What is the difference between Joan of Arc and Noah's ark?

157. I am composed of seventeen letters.
My 4, 6, 10, is what we all do.
" 5, 8, 14, 11, is a great part of the body.
" 1, 13, 9, 15, is the name of a fish.
" 7, 16, 2, 10, is a part of speech.
" 13, 8, 3, is the name of a fowl.
" 6, 15, 14, is a girl's name.
" 17, 6, 10, 15, is very useful to vessels.
" 13, 6, 12, is a personal pronoun.
My whole is what we may all expect if we live.

158. My first is an instrument, which, though small, has more power than any monarch on earth. It is the lover's friend and the poet's pride; yet has overthrown kingdoms, ruined reputations, set folks together by the ears, and caused more destruction than plagues, pestilence, or famine. My second, though not quite so mischievous, is very destructive when in improper hands, and my whole, though employed against my first, is deemed its friend and improver.

LEAP FROG.

159. This is a most excellent pastime. It should be played in a spacious place, out of doors, if possible, and the more there are engaged in it, provided they be of the same height and agility, the better is the sport. We will suppose a dozen at play:—Let eleven of them stand in a row, about six yards apart, with all their faces in one direction, arms folded, or their hands resting on their thighs, their elbows in, and their heads bent forward, so that the chin of each rests on his breast, the right foot advanced, the back a little bent, the shoulders rounded, and the body firm. The last begins the sport by taking a short run, placing his hands on the shoulders of the nearest player, and leaping with their assistance—of course, springing with his feet at the same time—over his head, as represented in the cut. Having cleared the first, he goes on to the second, third, fourth, fifth, etc., in succession, and as speedily as possible. When he has gone over the last, he goes to the proper distance, and places himself in position for all the players to leap over him in their turn. The first over whom he passed, follows him over the second, third, fourth, etc.; and when he has gone over, the one who begun the game places himself in like manner for the others to jump over him. The third follows the second, and so on until the parties are tired.

160. His heart was sad, and his foot was sore,
When a stranger knocked at the cottager's door;
With travel faint, as the night fell down,
He had missed his way to the nearest town,
And he prayed for water to quench his thirst,
And he showed his purse as he asked for my *first*
The cotter was moved by the stranger's tale,
He spread the board, and he poured the ale:
"The river," he said, "flows darkly down
Betwixt your path and the lighted town,
And far from hence its stream is crossed
By the bridge on the road that you have lost;
Gold may not buy, till your weary feet
Have traversed the river and reached the street,
The thing you ask; but the wandering moon
Will be out in the sky with her lantern soon;
Then cross o'er the meadow, and look to the right,
And you'll find my *second* by her light."
My *second* shone like a silver floor,
When the traveler passed from the cotter's door;
He saw the town on its distant ridge,
Yet he sighed no more for the far-off bridge;
And his wish of the night soon gained its goal,
For he found my *first* when he reached my whole.

161. What two letters of the alphabet make a prophet?

162. I 8 0 $\frac{\text{M}}{\text{day.}}$

163. Plant an orchard of twenty-one trees, so that there shall be nine straight rows, with five trees in each row, the *outline* a regular geometrical figure, and the trees all at unequal distances from each other.

164. B 0 yy $\frac{\text{nor}}{\text{nice}}$ for U c what a fool u b.

165. What part of the horse resembles you?

166. Why is a horse like the prophet Elijah?

167. Why is a new married man like a horse?

168. Why is it profitable to keep fowl?

169. My first is a collection of water; my second is used when speaking of myself; my third is a fruit; my whole is a town in Hindostan.

170. "Thomas," said Charles, "you are good at figures, please give me a *figurative* answer to this question:—What ought one to do who arrives at a friend's house too late for dinner?"

Thomas, after thinking a little, wrote the following—**1028,40.** What was his meaning?

171. A teacher, having fifteen young ladies under care, wished them to take a walk each day of the week. They were to walk in five divisions of three ladies each but no two ladies were to be allowed to walk together twice during the week. How could they be arranged to suit the above conditions?

172. My first is a letter, an insect, a word,
That means to exist; it moves like a bird.
My next is a letter, a small part of man,
'Tis found in all climes; search where you can.
My third is a something seen in all brawls.
My next you will find in elegant halls.
My last is the first of the last part of day,
Is ever in earnest, yet never in play.
My whole gives a light, by some men abhorred,
The blessings from which no pen can record.

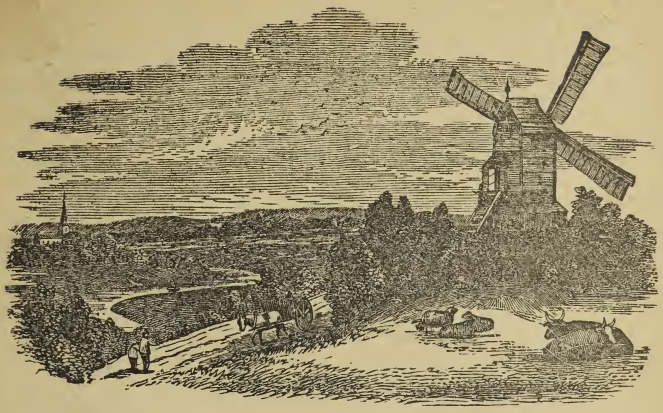
173. What number is that, which, added separately to 100 and 164, shall make them perfect squares?

174. Why is the letter F like death?

175. Why are mortgages like burglars?

176. I'm composed of letters four,
A turkey, cock, or hen;
Behead me, and I upward soar.
Put on my head again,
Transpose me, then a beast I am,
Both bloodthirsty and wild,
That preys on many a helpless lamb,
And oft devours a child.

177. I am a word of three letters, signifying to spoil or injure. Transposed, I am an animal. Transposed again, I am a part of the human frame.



178. Why is a grist-mill like the court-martial which cashiered Fremont?

179. I have wings, yet never fly—
I have sails, yet never go—
I can't keep still, if I try,
Yet forever stand just so.

180. Why is a grist-mill like an orange-tree?

181. What Scripture character was a stupid sheep?

182. What animal that always has a cold chin is used to keep the ladies' chins warm?

183. What two reasons why a young lady going to the altar is certainly going wrong?

184. Why is it dangerous for a teetotaler to have more than two reasons for the faith that is in him?

185. What is the most cheerful part of an arsenal?

186. When does the tongue assume the functions of the teeth?

187. My first is company, my second is without company, and my third calls company.

188. An emblem of stupidity,
My first in forests found;
Up in air oft rises high,
Though fastened to the ground,
But by sharp means it is removed,
And managed various ways;
By art or skill may be improved,
Or, perhaps, it makes a blaze.
My second is of every kind,
Is good, or bad, or gay;
Is dull or bright, to suit all minds,
By night as well as day.
The patient seaman keeps with care my whole,
And well it knows his secrets night and day;
And though it has no tongue, nor heart, nor soul,
It tells the story of the ship's long way.

189. There is a word of six letters. Take off three letters at either end, and add another letter, and it will make one of the most useful members of the body.

190. Tell me why is it, if you lend
But forty dollars to a friend,
It does your kindness more commend
Than if five hundred you should send?

191. What is that which is less tired the longer it runs?

192. Why is a tailor finishing your pants like a polite host serving his guests with water-fowl?

193. What was a month old at Cain's birth, that is not five weeks old now?

194. What looks worse on a lady's foot than a darned stocking?

195. Which of the girls can answer questions best?

196. What is the shape of a kiss?

197. My first is a busy industrious thing,
Without which no bundle your porter can bring;
My second is nothing to speak of, yet stands
For thousands and millions, in money or lands;
My third is a question we meet every day,
Relating to things we do, think, or say;
My whole is the questioner—once it was you,
If not, 'twas your brother, or cousin, or—whew!
It was somebody else whom your grandmother knew

198. I am composed of four letters. We do not 4 2 3, 1 4 2 3, 2 3, 3 4 2.

199. My first is a preposition.
" second implies more than one.
" third is a pronoun.
" fourth some people do not pay.
" whole is not consistent.

200. I am a word of four letters often used in prayer.
Transposed, I become what every one professes.
Transposed again, I become an adjective, the qualities of which every one despises.
Transposed again, I am part of a horse.

201. My first is poison, slow yet sure,
That preys on many frames;
Compounded oft of things impure,
And called by many names.
My first and second form my whole,
That's one of Satan's dens;
Many a man has lost his soul,
Through meeting there with friends.

202. I am a word of four letters—the name of a Cape.
Transposed, I am a portion of the earth's surface.
Transposed again, I am a kind of meat.
Transposed again, I become a verb signifying to wash.

203. I prove 2 = 1, thus:—

$x = a$; then $x^2 = ax$

$x^2 - a^2 = ax - a^2$

$(x + a)(x - a) = a(x - a)$

$x + a = a$

$2a = a$

$2 = 1$

Who will detect the fallacy?

204. In what ship, and in what capacity, do young ladies like to engage?

205. Ethereal thing, on unseen wing,
Through space my first is wandering;
It nothing sees, it nothing knows,
Yet all that's known and seen it shows.
Brick, iron, mud, stone, reed, or wood,
My second in all climes has stood—
A lodge, a nest, where love may rest,
Or a prison, gloomy, dark, unblest.
Away on the bleak and desolate peak
Where the rude tempests howl and shriek,
Like a friendly eye, looking out from the sky.
My whole to the wanderer gleams on high.

206. What kind of a ship did Solomon object to?

207. There are two numbers whose product added to the sum of their squares is 109, and the difference of whose squares is 24.

208. In every hedge my second is,
As well as every tree,
And when poor school-boys act amiss,
It often is their fee.
My first likewise is always wicked,
Yet ne'er committed sin,
My total for my first is fitted,
Composed of brass or tin.

209. My first is a pronoun; my second is not high; my third we must all do; my fourth is a pronoun of multitude; my whole is musical.

210. What is the difference between a grandmother and her infant grandchild?

211. Add one to nine and make it twenty.

212. What is that which the dead and living do at the same time?

213. When winter months have passed away,
And summer suns shine bright,
You ope the coffer where I lay,
And bring my first to light.
My second is a valiant knight,
Who wears his crest and spur,
And when he's challenged to a fight,
He does not long demur.
My whole, as ancient fables say,
Was once a friend of Juno,
In dress he makes a great display—
His name by this time you know.

214. Why is a bullet like a tender glance?

215. When innocence first had its dwelling on earth,
In my first's lovely form it alighted;
And still to this time, from the hour of its birth,
In my first it has greatly delighted.
My second's a part of a smart lady's dress,
Yet on age it may also be found;
Again, 'tis a garb when the heart feels distress—
And my whole does with pleasure abound.

216. Why are children at play like a bird in her nest?

217. My first is male or female, young or old,
'Tis very sad if you are forced to doubt one;
Much must we pity the false heart or cold,
Who is so selfish as to live without one.
My second is a noble work of art,
Which brings together distant shores and lands;
Though neither feet it has, nor head, nor heart,
'Tis often furnished with a hundred hands.
My whole in youth or age, sickness or health,
In joy or sorrow, charms to life can give;
Without it, all in vain are hoards of wealth,
By it unblest in solitude we live.

218. What spice are the Hindoos fond of?

219. Why is a dog like a tanner?

220. Why are A B's successors seedy?

221. What is nothing good for?

222. I am composed of four letters—the initials of four of the principal personages in Europe—the name of a river in Russia; transposed, I am a part of the Crystal Palace; transposed again, I am not *proud*, although elevated above the heads of most people.

223. My first is when the summer wind
Sweeps rustlingly through the trees,
When the jasmine spray and the eglantine
Are swayed by the whispering breeze;
My second, a weapon of bloody strife,
Of steel, so cruel and cold,
Which ruthlessly takes the soldier's life,
The cowardly, and the bold;
My whole is a Poet, by every one known,
So wide is his renown.

224. Why is the letter y like a young spendthrift?

225. Why is memory like the peacock?

226. My first in the garden luxuriantly grows,
Delicious and sweet, as every one knows,
My second a noisy, vain, garrulous thing,
The lord of a harem, as proud as a king;
My whole is still prouder, and seems to rejoice
As much in his tail as he does in his voice.

227. One man said to another, "Give me one of your sheep, and I shall have twice as many as you." The other replied, "No, give me one of yours, and I shall have as many as you." How many had each?

228. Where were potatoes first found?

229. Where did cherries come from?

230. Why is a ship under full sail like Niagara?

231. O'er a mighty pasture go
Sheep in thousands, silver white;
As to-day we see them, so
In the oldest grandsire's sight.
They drink—never waning old—
Life from an unfailing brook;
There's a shepherd to their fold,
With a silver-horned crook.
From a gate of gold let out,
Night by night he counts them over:
Wide the field they rove about,
Never hath he lost a rover:
True the dog that helps to lead them,
One gay ram in front we see;
What the flock, and who doth lead them,
Sheep and shepherd, tell to me?

232. I am a word of four letters. Take off my hat, and you have something which you do every day. Take off my head, and you have a preposition. Leave off my head and put on my hat, and you have something used before a door. Entire, and taken backward, with my two middle letters transposed, I am a very convenient thing. I, myself, am often eaten.

233. What part of a ship was Cain?

234. What animal resembles the sea, and why?

235. What animal is the most windy, and why?

236. What animal is like an apothecary?

237. What animal is like a stone-breaker?

238. A man had a bar of lead that weighed 40 lbs., and he divided it into four pieces in such a way as to allow him to weigh any number of pounds from one to forty. How did he manage the matter?

239. What is the best key to a good dinner?

240. Why is a farm-yard like a hotel?

241. If a woman stands behind a tree, how does the tree stand?

242. Wherein does a turkey-cock differ from a lady?

243. Three men buy a grindstone, 40 inches in diameter, on equal shares. Each one is to use it until he has worn away his share. How many inches in diameter must each one use?

244. What two letters of the alphabet do children like best?

245. Why are Cashmere shawls like deaf persons?

246. Ye mortals—wonder! I'm an elf,
A strange, mysterious thing;
More powerful than all the sprites
Within a magic ring.
I speak—although I have no tongue—
I speak, and thrill the soul;
I sing—and many a song I've sung
Resounds, while ages roll.
I am a weapon, strong and keen,
All made of glittering steel;
But human souls—not senseless flesh—
My sharp two-edges feel.
The greatest writer e'er was born—
But, ah!—a thievish elf;
For what I write is not, alas!
Original with myself.
I often take a cooling bath;
But, like the Ethiop's skin,
When I have bathed, I'm blacker still
Than when I did begin!
Most kind am I; I glad the heart
Of many a wretched wight,
And many a sufferer is by me
Transported with delight.
Most cruel I; I've pierced the soul
With cutting, burning darts;
I've dashed the fondest hopes to earth,
I've crushed the lightest hearts.
Yet wise and powerful as I am,
A very slave am I;
I'm forced the mandates to obey
Of both the low and high.
Now, witty brains, tell who this is,
Who blesses and who curses;
Who has no hands, yet still who is
The writer of these verses.

247. Why is an Indian like a flirt?

248. Why is an Indian like a scholar?

249. How much silk is required to make a spherical balloon, 16 inches in diameter, without allowing for seams?

250. All children love to go to sea, and why?

251. That gentle picture dost thou know,
Itself, its hues, and splendor gaining?
Some change each moment can bestow,
Itself as perfect still remaining;
It lies within the smallest space,
The smallest framework forms its girth,
And yet that picture can embrace
The mightiest objects known on earth:
Canst thou to me that crystal name
(No gem can with its worth compare)
Which gives all light, and knows no flame?
Absorbed is all creation there!
That ring can in itself inclose
The loveliest hues that light the heaven,
Yet from its light more lovely goes
Than all which to it can be given!

252. From 6 take nine, from 9 take 10;
From 40 take 50, and 6 remain.

253. Why is marriage like truth?

254. Required to divide 45 in four parts, so that the first part with two added, the second with two subtracted, the third divided by two, the fourth multiplied by two, shall equal each other.

255. Where was Major Andre going when he was captured?

256. There is a mansion, vast and fair,
That doth on unseen pillars rest;
No wanderer leaves the portals there,
Yet each how brief a guest!
The craft by which that mansion rose,
No thought can picture to the soul;
'Tis lighted by a lamp which throws
Its stately shimmer through the whole.
As crystal clear, it rears aloof
The single gem which forms its roof,
And never hath the eye surveyed
The master who that mansion made.

257. Why is a sculptor like a man who "splits his sides with laughter?"

258. Why were the Scribes and Pharisees like a great conflagration?

259. My first is a collection of water, my second is used when speaking of myself, my third is a fruit, my whole is a town in Hindostan.

260. X U R, X U B,
X, 2 X U R 2 me.

261. Why was Daniel like Nebuchadnezzar's image?

SEE-SAW.

262. Several things are necessary to make this sport safe and pleasant. *First*, a strong bar on which to balance your board or plank. *Secondly*, a strong, straight-grained board or plank, which will not crack nor twist. *Thirdly*, an equal weight at each end, or nearly so. *Fourthly*, a clear head, and a steady hand, or foot, to keep up an even motion. With these all right, you will go up and down as easily and smoothly as men of business do, or political parties;—but, hallo there, boys, John has tumbled off, and you will have a smash at the other end, which will leave John's partner in doubt whether he is up or down.

263. What island in the Pacific is always at this sport?

264. What is there at the same time philosophical and ungrammatical in this sport?

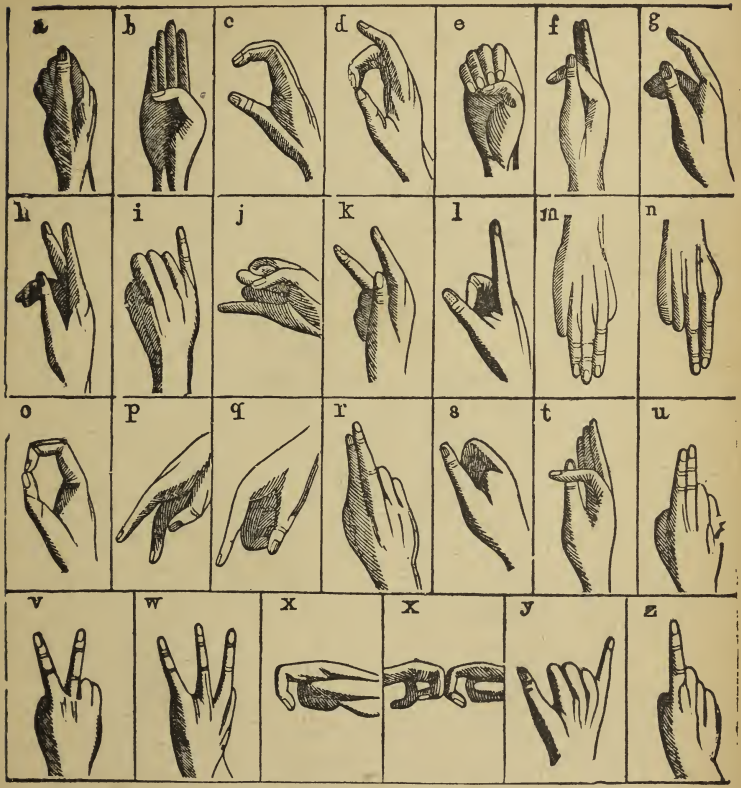
265. Why is an elephant like a lady's veil?

266. I was before the world begun,
Before the earth, before the sun;
Before the moon was made, to light
With brighter beams the starry night;
I'm at the bottom of the sea,
And I am in immensity;
The daily motion of the earth
Dispels me, and to me gives birth;
You can not see me if you try,
Although I'm oft before your eye;
Such is my whole. But, for one part,
You'll find in taste I'm rather tart;
Now I become the abode of men—
And now, for groveling beasts, a pen;
I am a man who lives by drinking;
Anon I keep a weight from sinking;
To take me, folks go far and near;
I am what children like to hear;
I am a shining star on high;
And now, its pathway through the sky;
My strength o'erpowers both iron and steel;
Yet oft I'm left behind the wheel;
I'm made to represent a head;
Am found in every loaf of bread;
Such are the many forms I take,
You can not count all I can make;
Yet, after all, so strange am I,
Soon as you know me, then I die.

267. Henry is four feet high and William is five. The sum of their heights multiplied by five is equal to their father's age, plus fifteen. How old was their father?

268. My first is the name of a river, my second is a pleasant beverage, my third is what we are too apt to do, and my whole is the name of an ancient city.

DEAF AND DUMB ALPHABET.



SINGLE HANDED ALPHABET.

269. The deaf and dumb converse with each other, and with their teachers, by signs made with their hands. There are two ways of making the letters with the fingers; in one, both hands are used; in the other, only one. Above, you see how the letters are made with one hand.

270. When are the letters like the keys of a piano?

271. Up and down two buckets ply
A single well within;
While the one comes full on high,
One the deeps must win.
Full or empty, never ending,
Rising now, and now descending,
Always while you quaff from this,
That one lost in the abyss,
From that well the waters living
Never both together giving.

272. Come from my first—ay, come! the battle dawn is nigh,
And the screaming trump and thundering drum are calling thee to die!
Fight as thy father fought, fall as thy father fell;
Thy task is taught, thy shroud is wrought, so forward, and farewell!
Toll ye, my second, toll! Fill high the flambeau's light,
And sing the hymn of a parted soul beneath the silent night;
The wreath upon his head, the cross upon his breast,
Let the prayer be said, and the tear be shed—so take him to his rest.
Call ye my whole—ay, call the lord of lute and lay,
And let him greet the sable pall with a noble song today;
Go, call him by his name! no fitter hand may crave
To light the flame of a soldier's fame on the turf of a soldier's grave.

273. Once in a minute, twice in a moment, once in a man's life?

274. A man said "I lie." Did he lie, or did he tell the truth?

275. Why is the butcher's dog in the parlor like your mother receiving strange company?

276. Why should a hound never be admitted intc the house?

277. Why is your favorite puppy like a doll?

278. How can a person live eighty years, and see only twenty birthdays?

279. What is the difference between twenty four quart bottles, and four and twenty quart bottles?

280. How will you arrange four 9's so as to make one hundred?

281 Amid the serpent race is one
That earth did never bear;
In speed and fury there be none
That can with it compare.
With fearful hiss—its prey to grasp—
It darts its dazzling course,
And locks in one destroying clasp
The horseman and the horse.
It loves the loftiest heights to haunt—
No bolt its prey secures;
In vain its mail may valor vaunt,
For steel its fury lures!
As slightest straw whirled by the wind,
It snaps the starkest tree;
It can the might of metal grind,
How hard soe'er it be!
Yet ne'er but once the monster tries
The prey it threats to gain:
In its own wrath consumed it dies,
And while it slays is slain.

282. A went to a shoemaker, B, and ordered a pair of boots. At the time appointed for their completion, A called for his boots. The price was $5. A gave B a 20 dollar note, which, not being able to change, he went to C, who gave him four $5 notes. B gave A three of the notes, and kept one. The next day C came to B and told him his $20 note was a counterfeit. B gave C four $5 notes, three of which he borrowed from D. How much did B lose by the operation?

283. When a boy falls, what does he fall against?

284. When he is caught stealing, what does he catch?

285. How many feet ought a thief to have?

286. Why is Tom Tumbledown like Adam when he saw the apple?

287. A friend asserted to me a day or two since, that forty horses only had eighty-four legs. How did it come?

A RIDDLE WITHIN A RIDDLE.

288. Moce ye inugeison nose hist dilerd suesg
Ti si ton cufidlift ouy liwl socfens,
Thaw si hatt burmen—hiwhc fi ouy ivdedi,
Ouy hent liwl hington veale no theire dies?

289. Our family is large, but not much more than one third as large as that of Jacob when he went to live in Egypt. But, like the family of that ancient patriarch, we often migrate to other countries. We do not keep together, whether at home or abroad; we are scattered about in every direction,—at once masters, servants, and slaves to forty-four millions of people. Not a book is printed without our aid; and, what is stranger still, we are all found at the same time in every book in every library and country where the English language is spoken; and on almost every page. Sometimes, though rarely, two of us stand side by side. It is still more rare for us all to appear together arranged in the same order. Nothing is more common with people than to place us in *rows* or *platoons;* but whether in militia, army, or navy—for some of us are employed in all these—we are seldom arranged twice alike. Sometimes one of us stands first; sometimes another. Sometimes a row or platoon consists of only two or three of us; at others of many more; and occasionally of twelve, fifteen, or twenty; and, strangest to relate of all, we can be so placed as to make out about 50,000 rows, no two of which will be exactly alike. Must we not, then, be a useful family? And what, think you, is our *family* name?

290. | | | | | |. Add five more marks to these six, so as to make nine.

291. What tree is that, which has twelve branches, thirty leaves on each branch, and each leaf white on one side, and black on the other?

292. 1 What is the sociable tree? 2. And the dancing tree?
3. And the tree which is nearest the sea?
4. And the busiest tree? 5. The most yielding tree?
6 And the tree where ships may be?
7 The languishing tree? 8. The least selfish tree?
9. And the tree that bears a curse?
10 The chronologist tree? 11. The fisherman's tree?
12. And the tree like an Irish nurse?
13. What's the traitor's tree? 14. And the tell-tale tree?
15 And the tree that is warmest clad?
16 The layman's tree? 17. The housewife's tree?
18 And the tree that makes one sad?
19. What the tree that in death will benight you?
20. And the tree that your wants will supply?
21 And the tree that to travel invites you?
22. And the tree that forbids you to die?
23. What tree do the hunters resound to the skies?
24 What brightens your house, and your mansion sustains?
25. What tree urged the Grecians in vengeance to rise
And fight for the victims by tyranny slain? [you?
26. The tree that will fight? 27 And the tree that obeys

28. And the tree that never stands still?
29. And the tree that got up? 30. And the tree that was lazy?
31 And the tree neither up nor down hill?
32. The tree to be kissed? 33. And the dandiest tree?
34. And what guides the ships to go forth?
35. The unhealthiest tree? 36. And the tree of the people?
37 And the tree whose wood faces the north?
38. The emulous tree? 39. The industrious tree?
40. And the tree that warms mutton when cold?
41. The reddish-brown tree? 42. The reddish-blue tree?
43 And what each must become ere he's old?
44. The tree in a bottle? 45. And the tree in a fog?
46. And the tree that gives the bones pain?
47. The terrible tree when schoolmasters flog?
48. And what mother and child have the name?
49. The treacherous tree? 50. The contemptible tree?
51. And that to which wives are inclined?
52. The tree that causes each townsman to flee?
53. And what round fair ankles they bind?
54. The tree that's entire? 55. And the tree that is split?
56. The tree half given to doctors when ill?
57. The tree we offer to friends when we meet?
58. And the tree we may use as a quill?
59 The tree that's immortal? 60. The trees that are not?
61 And the trees that must pass through the fire?
62. The tree that in Latin can ne'er be forgot,
And in England we all must admire?
63. The Egyptian plague tree? 64. And the tree that is dear?
65. And what round itself doth intwine?
66 The tree that in billiards must ever be near?
67. And the tree that by cockneys is turned into wine?

293. Which of the planets would the tortoise like best to live in?

294. Why is a picture surrounded by books like a happy man?

295. Mother sent Mary for an evergreen. The gardener brought a holly. Mary pointed to the sky, and the gardener brought what she wanted. What did Mary mean?

296. When the day breaks, what becomes of the fragments?

297. Novus vir bonus vir ivit ad caudam vel habere eam vestem homines mortuos.

298. EE Marriage EE.

299. What bird is that which has no wings?

300. Add something to 9 to make it less.

301. Why is Satan on a shed like a bankrupt?

302. How is it that trees put on their summer dresses, without opening their trunks?

303. Of three words make one, by the insertion of a single letter.

304. Of a word of one syllable, make a word of three syllables, by the addition of a single letter.

305. Ages ago, when Greece was young,
And Homer, blind and wandering, sung;
Where'er he roamed, through street or field,
My first the noble bard upheld;
Look to the new moon for my next,
You'll see it there, but if perplexed,
Go ask the huntsman, he can show
My name—he gives it many a blow;
My whole, as you will quickly see,
Is a large town in Tuscany,
Which ladies soon will recognize—
A favorite head-dress it supplies.

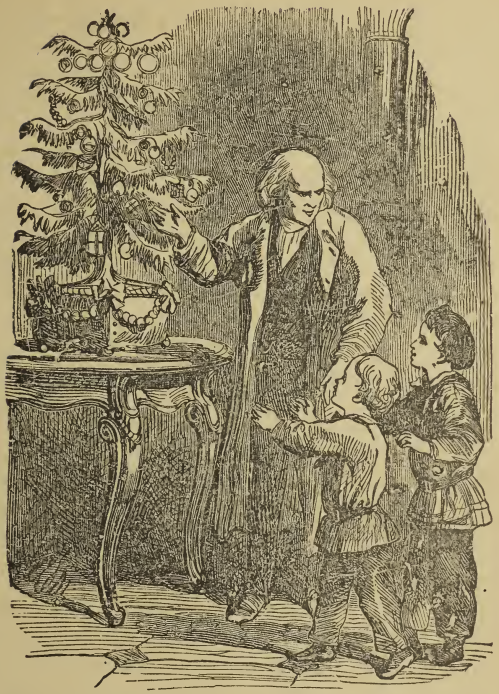
306. Why is an elephant like a chair?

307. Mr. —wood being at the . of king of terrors, 10 mills for his quakers, and who, which and what. They odor for Dr. Juvenile Humanity, [who] ≡ to Dr. Hay preservers, and little devil behold scarlet his assistance; but, B 4 he arrived, the not legally good changed color, and $\frac{\text{taker}}{\text{the}}$ was ct for.

308. Given the street and the hour, to find at once the number of children in the street.

309. Given the section of the city, to find at once the number of loafers and vagabonds that infest it.

CHRISTMAS TREE.



310. This is a very curious and interesting kind of a tree. It is found, loaded with every variety of strange *fruit*, on tables, bare floors, or carpets. It has no roots, but is most wonderful for its yielding powers, though it bears only once a year, and that always on Christmas Eve. The last one that I saw was at Uncle Hiram Hatchet's. Cousin Hannah thus describes it:

"At last, when none of us expected it, he (Uncle H.) threw open the folding doors, and let us into the little parlor. There was displayed the Christmas tree, in all its glory. Every little twig bore some present, dolls

and doll furniture, pins, ear-rings, bracelets, slippers, watch-guards and purses, ships, windmills, and beautiful books, besides all sorts of fruits and bon-bons, and all blazing with light from the numberless candles that seemed to grow out of the branches."

A tree that, without life or root,
Without a blossom, bud, or flower,
Bears various and most precious fruit,
That comes and goes in one short hour.

311. My first is an adjective, short and dry,
Which an absence of moisture seems to imply,
Or, in reference to mind, that kind of wit,
Which is slack on the rein, and sharp on the bit
My second is a sort of hole, or den,
Unfit for the resort of timid men,
Whence once the righteous came safely out,
While the wicked were wholly put to rout.
My whole is an author of classic fame,
If you know the man, please tell me his name.

312. What poet do miners value most?

313. What poet is least distinguished for brevity?

314. Which of the English poets would be most likely to make a lion feel at home?

315. Why were the Amalekites never allowed to speak?

316. Which of the reptiles is a mathematician?

317. What Scripture character would have made a suitable husband for a tall laundress?

318. What two syllables of the marriage ceremony are most interesting to the priest?

319. What part of a house measures about two quarts?

320 When is a door not a door?

321 Why are ladies sitting on the stoop, like an unfinished house?

322. What stone opens and shuts at your convenience?

323. Read see how me
Down will I love
And you love you
Up and you if

324. Why is a thing purchased like a shoe?

325. Why is a man who makes a wager of a cent, like a person recovering from illness?

326. Why is an unpaid bill like the moisture in the morning?

327. Why is a sanguinary epistle like a surgeon?

328. Ere from the east arose the lamp of day,
Or Cynthia gilt the night with paler ray—
Ere earth was form'd, or ocean knew its place,
Long, long anterior to the human race
I did exist. In chaos I was found,
When awful darkness shed its gloom around.
In heaven I dwell, in those bright realms above,
And in the radiant ranks of angels move.
But when th' Almighty, by his powerful call,
Made out of nothing this stupendous ball,
I did appear, and still upon this earth
Am daily seen, and every day have birth.
With Adam I in Paradise was seen,
When the vile serpent tempted Eve to sin;
And, since the fall, I with the human race
Partake their shame and manifest disgrace.
In the dark caverns of old ocean drear
I ever was, and ever shall appear.
In every battle firmly I have stood, [blood.
When plains seem lav'd, whole oceans dy'd with
But, hold—no more! It now remains with you
To find me out and bring me forth to view.

329. Why is a lost child like you?

330. Why is Fremont equal to eight honest politicians?

331. How did Jonah feel when the whale swallowed him?

332. Why were the Hebrews called sheep?

333. Why is it dangerous to flirt in a hay-field?

334. Under what tree is it most proper to make love?

335. Under what shade can you dance best?

336. Why is a dashing young buck a favorite with the ladies?

337. 1. I am constantly in the midst of money. 2. I am continually putting people in possession of property. 3. I increase the number of most things that come in my way. 4. I am no friend to the distressed needlewomen, for I render needles unnecessary. 5. Yet whenever I undertake a dress, I infallibly make it sit. 6. I am quar-

relsome, for a word and a blow is my maxim. 7. In fact, with me a word becomes a weapon. 8. And merriment becomes slaughter. 9. It is commonly remarked that drink converts men into swine, but I transform wine itself into the same animals. 10. Deprived of me, certain railway speculations come out in their true character 11. A team can draw a wagon well without me, still, when I am in front, the speed is wonderfully increased. 12. Marvelous products may be obtained from peat, but when I am extracted from earth, pure oil alone remains. 13. Let me go before, and a story is sure to be stale. 14. And if I am left out, it will be political. 15. I am strongly attached to pluralities. 16. With respect to free trade, I turn corn itself into contempt. 17. I am in the midst of Russia and Prussia, and abundant among the Swiss. 18. Were I withdrawn from that unhappy country, Spain, nothing would be left but grief. 19. After sport, when I take my departure, the evening is often finished with what remains. 20. At a soiree I am always in good time. 21. In person I am much bent, though I was formerly more upright. 22. As to my education, I was always head of the school. 23. Though invariably at the bottom of my class. 24. With me age looks wise. 25. But a gentleman is better without me, as accompanied by me he appears feminine. 26. On the contrary a lady ought not to part with me, for if she loses me she seems masculine. 27. I am an unwelcome visitor, for with me sorrow begins and happiness ends. 28. Sadness commences, and, 29. Bliss terminates. 30. Yet it is in my power to transform cares into what is delightful.

338. Nebuchadnezzar's lions were very undevout when Daniel was with them, and very poetical with his enemies. Please explain.

339. Why is a hunter like an omnibus pickpocket?

340. Figures, they say, won't lie; but here
Is something either false or queer.
I find that, in my family,
One taken from two still leaves me three,
And two from two, by the same score,
Leaves a remainder of just four.

341. My first is a measure much used in the East,
Or a close-covered vehicle drawn by one beast;
My second is a prefix—a small preposition—
Two thirds of a tavern—a paid politician;
My whole, though part of a vessel, has stood
Alone on the prairie, or 'neath the great wood,
And often is found, poor, wretched, and mean,
The city's proud palaces squatting between.

BLACK-EYED MARY'S ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

342. Take two numbers, such that the square of the first, plus the square of the second, shall equal 8; while the first, plus the product of the first and second, shall equal 6.

N B.—If any choose to work this out algebraically, it will be found to be no trifling puzzle. See MERRY'S MUSEUM for 1856

343. What's that the poor's most precious friend,
Nor less by kings respected—
Contrived to pierce, contrived to rend,
And to the sword connected.
It draws no blood, and yet doth wound;
Makes rich, but ne'er with spoil;
It prints, as earth it wanders round,
A blessing on the soil.
The eldest cities it hath built,
Bade mightiest kingdom rise; it
Ne'er fired to war, nor roused to guilt:
Weal to the states that prize it!

344. When is a political candidate like Samson's guests?

345. What is the most suitable dance to wind off a frolic?

346. Revolving round a disk I go
One restless journey o'er and over;
The smallest field my wanderings know,
Thy hand the space could cover:
Yet many a thousand miles are passed
In circling round that field so narrow:
My speed outstrips the swiftest blast,
The strongest bowman's arrow.

347. Why are buckwheat cakes like the caterpillar?

348. What relation does the soap-bubble bear to the boy who makes it?

349. Why do girls blow bubbles better than boys?

350. What is the difference between a boy and his shadow?

351. Why is a soap-bubble like Adam?

352. I have no life, yet, as I fly,
A thing of beauty to the eye,
I bear, my glittering shape beneath,
A part of my Creator's breath;
With ever-changing shade and hue
I rise and vanish from the view,
And, though a phantom deemed, I share,
In portions, water, earth, and air.

353. I go, but never stir,
I count, but never write,
I measure and divide, and, sir,
You'll find my measures right.
I run, but never walk,
I strike, but never wound,
I tell you much, but never talk,
In my diurnal round.

354. When a boy falls into the water, what is the first thing he does?

355. How would the proposed removal of the Pope to Jerusalem be a false move for the Papacy, and a true one for the Papal States?

356. Why is a coachman a generous man?

357. Why is a dog like a clock-maker's safe?

358. Why is the cook more noisy than a gong?

359. Describe a partisan, and answer a question in the same words.

360. A word of one syllable call to your mind,
The letters of which will, if rightly combined,
Provide you with two kinds of fuel—ay, more,
A warm piece of clothing—and fasten your door.

361. Let two Roman fives at extremities meet.
At the right hand of these, add two circles complete;
Then five times one hundred place at the right hand,
And a nice winter's comfort they make as they stand.

362. What number is that which can be divided by 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6, leaving, in each case, a remainder of 1, and by 7, without a remainder?

363. How long ago were trunks first used?

364. I'm black or white, . . a brown or gray,
I'm tall or flat, I'm gr ve or gay,
As soft as wool, or stiff as tin,
A nest for wits to nestle in.
I hold great intellects, yet oft
Am bothered with the weak and soft,
And sometimes crusty, hard, and thick,
They fill me with we' burned brick.
Fashion controls me, yet I wear
Some aspects to make fashion stare.
Though always for one place designed,
I change as often as the wind.

I'm dumb, and yet, in sp[illegible]
Make more than half of every "Chat,"
I'm mild—yet none can hate—(don't doubt me)
Nor raise a fighting-cock without me.

365. In every home I stand confessed,
A friend of quiet, peace, and rest;
Take off my head, and on your head
My streamers rise, black, brown, or red;
Cut now again, and take my neck off,
You leave my substance not a speck of,
But, with ethereal lightness gay,
I pass in idle breath away.

366. What relation is the door-mat to the scraper?

367. In what do grave and gay people differ at church?

368. What sea would make the best sleeping-room?

369. 'Tis said of lawyers Grab and Clinch,
They take an ell when you offer an inch;
But I can do a smarter thing—
Give me an ell, I will make it ring;
If for advice you come to me
When you are ill, I call for the fee;
If any road you chance to wend,
You think you've reached the very end,
I come and give it such a turn,
You find there's something yet to learn;
If to the inn you seek for rest,
I chuck you in a box or chest;
The beggar's rags I make so proud,
He of his garments boasts aloud;
The aged and infirm with me
Lose caution and timidity;
For, young or old, to every one
I furnish, if not muscle, bone.

370. Why is a spotted dog most reliable?

371. In what does a dog differ from a groom in his treatment of a horse?

372. One of a gallant vagrant band,
My name is known in every land;
In all earth's changes I am there;
Without me none may war declare,
Or treat of peace, or try their parts
On manufacture, tillage, arts;
By me a patient saint of old
Was changed into a warrior bold;
I made old Abner's father near;
His wife was deaf, I made her hear;
His house I put upon his back;
His jaw an iron bond I make;
Bad spirit by my presence claims
To be the end of human aims;
And a young bear is seen to be
A coveted jewel of the sea.

373. *Problem.*—To make a restless child quiet and contented.

374. *Problem.*—To teach a child to be honest, industrious, and useful.

375. Why is Merry's Museum like a note falling due?

376. I consist of eleven letters.
My 9th, 7th, and 1st, is where infants often repose;
" 3d, 10th, and 7th, is a foreign plant much used by us;
" 1st, 7th, 5th, 9th, 4th, and 11th, is to treat by word of mouth;
" 6th, 4th, 7th, and 8th, is a delicious fruit;
" 2d, 7th, and 3d, to do which affords great satisfaction;
" 4th, 7th, and 5th, is an essential part of the head;
" 3d, 10, 7th, and 8th, is often used for joy or sorrow;
" whole is the name of a distinguished writer for Merry's Museum.

377. Why is Merry's Museum like a good wife?

378. I am composed of twelve letters.
W. 2, all 6, 2, 10, with 10, 5, 2, 9, which a 12, 8, 1, 7, 5, 1, 6, 6, 11, 4, 10, not to have, and which a 3, 8, 1, 12, 5, 9, 11, 4, 2, l. 5, 12, i. 6, 11, 9, 2, 6.

379. Why is Merry's Museum like a good mother?

380. What was the difference—can you show—
Between the Prodigal in his woe,
And Lazarus, in his low estate,
Feeding on crumbs at Dives' gate?

381. What fish does a bride wear on her finger?

382. Why is Merry's Museum like a printing-office?

MERRY'S MUSEUM

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

1. The rose shall cease to blow,
The eagle turn a dove,
The stream shall cease to flow,
Ere I will cease to love.
The sun shall cease to shine,
The world shall cease to move,
The stars their light resign,
Ere I will cease to love.

2. Short shoes and long corns to the enemies of freedom.

3. The rope-maker.

4. Because they can not be got off without a bow (beau).

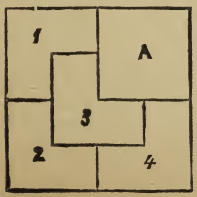
5. Because he stops at the sound of wo.

6. One takes the dish with the egg.

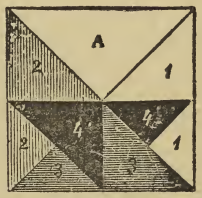
7. One, after which his stomach is not empty.

8. The smallest.

9. The first geometrical puzzle is solved in this way—



The second puzzle is solved in this way—



The different colors represent the several sons' portions.

10. The tiger couches in the wood,
And waits to shed the traveler's blood;—
So couch we.
We spring upon him to supply
What men unto our wants deny;
And so springs he.

11. Work, work, work!
My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread—and rags,
That shattered roof—this naked floor,
A table—a broken chair,
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!
With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—

Stitch! stich! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,
She sang the "Song of the Shirt."

12. A pack of cards.

13. Striking

14. Because words are passing between them

15. Footman.

16. Because his is all *net* profit.

17. Because he is surrounded with dues (dews).

18. Adam.

19. Heroine.

20. Spark.

21. Tear.

22. Because it is a bad habit.

23. Because it is felt.

24. Because it is a resting-place for the traveler

25 There's a grim hearse horse,
In a jolly round trot,
To the churchyard a poor man is going, I wot.
The road it is rough,
And the hearse has no springs,
And hark to the dirge the sad driver sings—
"Rattle his bones over the stones,
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns."

26 Of all the birds that e'er I did see,
The owl is the strangest in every degree,
For all the long day she sits in a tree,
And when the night comes, away flies she,
To whit-to-whoo.
To whom drinkest thou? Sir Noodle to you.

This song is well sung, I make you a vow,
And he is a knave that aileth now.
Nose, nose, and who gave thee that jolly red nose?
Cinnamon and ginger, nutmeg and cloves,
And they gave me my jolly red nose.

27 To ashes.

28. Short.

29. Shakespeare.

30. Time.

31. Wallace.

32. Because they are often toasted.

33. Because he is always for getting.

34. I, ser.

35. Because he has nothing to boot.

36. Full five hundred years I've hung,
In my old grey turret high,
And many a different theme I've sung,
As the hours went winging by.
I've pealed the chimes of a wedding morn;
Ere night I've sadly tolled to say
That the maid was coming love lorn,
And here I end my lay.

37. The joyful can sing on spirit wings
Each morn his lofty height,
In rapt'rous notes he sweetly sings,
And hails th' approaching light;
But I from grief no solace know,
No portal from the night,
All joys to me insipid grow
Afford me no delight.

38. Because it is often tolled (told)

39. Your name

40. The letter M

41. Forty-eight feet.

42. In solving this question it is clear that to pick up the first stone and put it into the basket, the person must walk two yards, one in going for the stone and another in returning with it; that for the second stone he must walk four yards, and so on increasing by two as far as the hundredth, when he must walk two hundred yards, so that the sum total will be the product of 202 multiplied by 50, or 10,000 yards. If any one does not see why we multiply 202 by 50 in getting the answer, we refer him to his arithmetic.

43. Hour-glass.

44. Pen-man-ship.

45. There was a man who was Nott born,
His father was Nott born before him;
He did Nott live, he did Nott die,
And his epitaph is Nott o'er him.

46. Because it is in firm (infirm).

47. To keep his head warm.

48. Hark! the muffled drum sounds the last march of the brave,
The soldier retreats to his quarters, the grave,
Under Death, whom he owns his Commander-in-chief,
No more he'll turn out with the ready relief;
But in spite of Death's terrors or cannon's alarms,
When he hears the last trump he'll stand to his arms!
Farewell! brother soldiers, in peace may you rest,
And light lie the turf on each veteran breast,
Until that review when the souls of the brave
Shall behold the chief ensign, fair mercy's flag, wave;
Then, freed from Death's terrors and hostile alarms,
When we hear the last trump, we'll stand to our arms.

49. Doctor Long expects Dr. Short to explain the misunderstanding between them

50. To you who live *single*, if this at all trouble you,
My first comes in kindness, commanding to *double you*.
And again, it will *double you*, if, like a clown,
You lift high your *sole*, and bend your head down;
Or, cut it in twain, two *V's* will appear,
And *V* counting *five*, both make *ten* it is clear.
My second, alas! comes shrouded in gloom,
It is *O*, which makes *woo*, *the sinner's sad doom*.
Now see what a change comes over the scene,
If my third, which is *O*, be added again.
Now 'tis *woo*—and what bachelor's heart does not beat,
To *woo* a sweet damsel, to keep warm his feet;
To cheer by her smiles his lone hours—and thus
Escape, by good fortune, the bachelor's curse!
My fourth and my last, as I'll go on to tell,
Is nought more or less than a *capital L*.
Now *L* being *fifty*, will even divide
One Hundred, or teachers and books have all lied.
Now examine with care, and plain you will see
That to unlock a secret, an *L* is the key;
For *woo*, with *L* added, is changed into *wool*,
Whether worn on *a sheep*, or an African's skull.

Whether made into clothing, for bed or for body,
For "*sage politician*," or some other *noddy*.
It is used, the world over, in commerce and trade;
But its *last use*, I trow, was to make a *charade*.

51. SONG OF THE SUN.

Not a rose that blooms,
Not a ring that assumes
The rainbow's beautiful front,
But's indebted to me,
As ye plainly see,
For the scent or splendor on 't.
The moon and the stars
That around ye roll,
The systems ye can not discern,
Are warmed by my rays,
And partake of the soul
And the spirit that in me burn.
And nothing throws back with such splendor my rays,
As the sea's mighty mirror in mid-summer days.

52. And like the temple of this body, the cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples, the great globe itself shall fall, and, like this insubstantial vision faded, leave not a rack behind.

53 Letter I.

54. When it is a cutter

55. Letter N.

56. Five when peeled.

57. He is a bit of a buck

58. His daughter.

59 It matures by falling dew.

60 Ben-ha-dad.

61. Because it is never peeled (pealed) but once.

62. Because it is every year doubling (Dublin).

63. Tobacco.

64 The nose

65 Because they have so many panes (pains).

66 J'ai grand appétit. Allons souper.

67. Water.

68. Ice.

69 Those that come after T.

70. 'Twas at night, when the bell had tolled twelve,
And poor Susan was laid on her pillow,
In her ear whispered some fleeting elf—
"Your love is now tossed on the billow"
Far, far at sea.
All was dark as she woke out of breath—
Not an object her fears could discover;
All was still as the portals of death,
Save fancy, which painted her lover
Far, far at sea.
So she whispered a prayer, closed her eyes,
But the phantom still haunted her pillow,
While in terror she echoed his cries,
As struggling he sunk on the billow
Far, far at sea.

71. Lightly tread—'tis holy ground:
Countless dead hark, hark around;
Angel guards their watches keep,
While frail mortals sink to sleep:
And the moon, with feeble rays,
Gilds the stream that bubbling plays,
And murmurs, as soft it flows,
Music meet for lovers' woes.

72. Eye.

73. Canister.

74. Forte tu, atrox tenes, fort/
Sexto Fortinato

75 The forceps pinches, the awl punches.

76. At the peaceful midnight hour,
Every sense and every power
Chained lies in downy sleep;
Then our careful watch we keep,
While the wolf, in nightly prowl,
Bays the moon with hideous howl;
Closed are bars, a vain resistance;
Shrieks are raised, but no assistance;
Silence! or you'll meet your fate;
Your keys, jewels, money, plate.
Locks, bolts, and bars soon fly asunder,
Then to rifle, rob, and plunder.

77. Ad-here.—In-here.—Co-here.

78. Because only the *bony part* is left.

79. He is known by his axe (acts)

80. XII., that is, a cross two i's (across two eyes).

81. Because he kneads (needs) it most.

82. The letter R.

83 The coward skulking round a house,
Is like a mouse-trap as you see,
For that will *puzzle any mouse*,
And *pusillanimous* is he.

84. Green grass is like a mouse, because the cattle eat it (cat 'll eat it)

85. It is not aloud (allowed).
Private earing (privateering) is unlawful.

86. Salt-cellar

87. Because it is not currant (current).

88. Glorious Apollo from on high beheld us
Wand'ring to find a temple for his praise;
Sent Polyhymnia hither to shield us
While we ourselves such a temple might raise.
Thus then, Guards, hands and hearts joining,
Sing we in harmony Apollo's praise.
Here every generous sentiment awaking,
Music inspiring our mutual joy,
Each social bumper giving and partaking,
Song and good cheer our time employ.

89. To let you know he is coming.

90. Because of the sand which is (sandwiches) under your feet.

91. Mag-pie.

92. His father was translated

93. But-ton.

94 A shoe.

95 On! by the spur of valor goaded,
Pistols primed and rifles loaded,
Courage strikes on hearts of steel.
While each star through the dark gloom of night,
Lends a clear and cheering light,
Who a doubt or fear can feel?
Now through woods like serpents creeping,
Then on our prey like lions leaping,
Calvert to the onset leads us.
Let the weary traveler dread us.
Struck with terror and amaze;
While our swords in lightning pouring,
Thunder to our rifles roaring.

96 A bell.

97 $\frac{c\,b\,d}{d\,c+c}$ hours to go down.
$\frac{2\,a}{b}$ average rate of rowing
$\frac{c+b}{d\,c+c}$ hours to go up.
$\frac{c\,b}{c+d}$ time up.
$\frac{d\,b}{c+d}$ time down
$\frac{2\,a}{b}$ miles per hour.

98. The hounds gain 6 rods in every 21 They must therefore run as many times 21 rods as 6 will go into 96. Therefore 96 ÷ 6=16. 21=336 rods.

99.

100. He wrote s before it, making it six

101. Live, evil, vile, Levi, veil.

102. When the rosy dawn awaking
Paints with gold the verdant lawn;
Flies, on the wings of time disporting,
Sip the sweets and taste the dawn.
Warbling birds the day proclaiming,
Singing sweet the lively strain;
They forsake their leafy dwelling,
To secure the golden grain
See; content the humble gleaner
Picks the scattered ears that fall.
Nature, all her children viewing,
Kindly bounteous cares for all.

103. Musk-melon, if your second is turned inside out; thus, lem-on.

104. Merry's Museum.

105. "Now before you."

106. Pat-ten.

107. Because it is far fetched and full of nonsense

108. Make an impression.

109 Sweet are the roses that bloom
by yon fountain,
And sweet are the cowslips that
spangle the grove,
And sweet is the breeze that
blows o'er the mountains;
But sweeter by far is the lad
that I love.
I'll weave a gay and fresh blooming garland,
With lilies and roses,
And sweet, blooming posies,
To give to the lad my heart tells me I love.
May the brow of the brave never want a wreath of laurel.

110. May the trees of liberty flourish round the globe, and every man partake of its fruit. May the wings of love never lose a feather

111. Prescription—proscription

112. Bar-gain

113. 1,600 ÷ 32 = 50. $50^2 \times 16 = 40{,}000$

114. Tanner.

115. Because it makes a *man* go.

116. Hand-el

117. Wave, thou royal purple stream,
Gilded by the solar beam
In my goblet sparkling rise,
Cheer my heart, and glad mine eyes.
My spirit mounts on fancy's wing,
Anointing me a merry king.
While I live, I'll lave my pipe.
When I'm dead and gone away
Let my drinking partner say
A month he reigned, but that was ripe.

118. No gems which pluméd fortune wears,
No drop that hangs from beauty's ears,
Nor the bright stars which night's blue vault adorn,
Nor rising suns that gild the vernal morn,
Shine with such lustre as the tear that breaks
For other's woe down virtue's manly cheeks.

119. Frankfort-on-the-Maine.

120 Rib-band.

121. $400 \div 16 = 25$. $\sqrt{25} = 5$ — five seconds.

122. Because they have arms and legs.

123. $\left\{\begin{array}{l}\sqrt{60 - 30^2} = 51.96152 \\ \sqrt{60 - 40^2} = 44.72136\end{array}\right\}$ 96.68288. *Ans*

124 1,785.

125. 'Tis good to tread the churchyard's walks,
And mark the graves on either side;
Or where the rough old sexton talks
With sheer contempt of human pride;
To contemplate the scattered bones
That meet the eye so often there;
To read the inscription on the stones,
And think what fleeting things we are.
'Tis good at twilight's sober hour,
To sit on some neglected tomb,
And dwell on death's all-startling power,
And muse upon our certain doom.
Because these thoughts are sure to win
The spirit more or less from sin.

126. Aching teeth are bad tenants.

127. Patch-work.

128. A draft.

129. It is good for nothing till it is cracked.

130. When his brother Jacob shaved him.

131. Because they blacken the face of Washington.

132. The figure 8.

133. Certainly;—Webster says: "*spontaneous* is applicable to animals destitute of reason."

134 A living sinner's transgression procured damnation.
A dying Redeemer's passion purchased salvation.

135. Early to bed, and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy,
Wealthy, and wise.

136. Music awakes
The native voice of undissembled joy,
And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
Roused by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd
Leaves his mossy cottage, where with peace
He dwells, and from the crowded folds in
Order drives his flock, to taste the verdure of
The morn.

137. Friday.

138. W.

139. He is an earnest bee-leaver.

140. A portrait.

141. He carries his own trunk.

142. The oak—(a-corn).

143. Ful-ton.

144. Harrow.

145. They are four-sighted (fore-sighted).

146. Because the cart is before the horse.

147. Harrow.

148. A book.

149. Because it makes ire fire.

150. (Arithmetical Puzzle.)

151. Rats—tars—arts—stars.

152. When it is sat-in.

153. Sarsaparilla. Dr. Townsend

154. XI divided $\frac{VI}{AI}$ gives six. IX divided in the same way, gives four.

155. The letter O.

156. The one was Maid of Orleans, the other was made of chittim wood.

157. Sunshine and shadow

158. Pen-knife.

159. (Leap Frog)

160. Bed-ford.

161. C—R (Seer).

162. I ate nothing Monday

163.

164. Be not too wise, nor over nice, for you see what a fool you be.

165. The shoe—U.

166. He is fed from a loft.

167. He is bride-led.

168. For every grain they give a peck.

169. Pondicherry.

170. One ought to wait for tea.

171.

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
a b c	a d g	a k n	a e l	a h o	a f p	a i m
d e f	b e h	b l o	b f m	b i p	b d n	b g k
g h i	c m p	c f i	c g n	c d k	c h l	c e o
k l m	f k o	d h m	d l o	e m n	e i k	d l p
n o p	i l n	e g p	h k p	f g l	g m o	h f n

172. Bible

173. 125.

174. Because without it life is a lie, or it makes life a lie

175. They secure (seek your) money

176. Fowl, owl, wolf.

177 Mar, ram, arm.

178. It breaks the kernel (colonel)

179. Windmill.

180. Always in flour.

181. Adullam (a dull lamb).

182. The chin-chilla (chilly).

183. She is miss-taken and missled.

184. Because three scruples make a dram

185. The ball-room.

186. When it back-bites.

187. Co-nun-drum

188. Log-book.

189. Hannah—hand

190. It is but D *sent*, as you see,
If you 500 send,
But truly XL *lent* 'twill be,
When you the 40 lend.

191. A wheel.

192. He presses them with a goose

193. The moon.

194. One that needs darning.

195. Ann, sir.

196. Elliptical—a-lip-tickle.

197. B-o-y.

198. Mate—(eat-meat-at-tea)

199. In-co-he-rent.

200. Amen, name, mean, mane

201. Grog-shop

202. Vela, vale, veal, lave.

203. Not I.

204. In court-ship, as *marry*-ners.

205 Light-house.

206 Sureti-ship.

207. 5 and 7.

208. Candle-stick.

209. Me-lo-di-ous.

210. The one is careless and happy, the other is hairless and cappy.

211. *I*X—cross the *I*, it makes XX.

212. Lie.

213. Pea-cock.

214. Because it pierces hearts.

215. Child-hood.

216. In carnest (in her nest).

217. Friend-ship.

218. Cayenne (K. N.).

219. He is known by his bark.

220. They are C D.

221. Good for nothing

222. Neva, nave, vane.

223. Shake-speare.

224. Because it makes Pa-pay.

225. It has eyes behind

226. Pea-cock.

227. 7 and 5.

228. In the ground.

229 From the tree.

230. Because she shows her flowing sheets.

231. Moon and stars.

232. Meat (eat—at—mat—team).

233. The tiller.

234. The lion, because he **roars**, and has a flowing mane (main).
Leviathan, because he **swallows** up the rivers.

235. The bull, because he *bellows*
The whale, because he *blows*

236. The ass, because he *brays*.
Dr. Pott's horse, because a *Pott he carries*.

237. The rooster, because he *picks* and crows.

238, 1, 3, 9, 27, are the weights of the several pieces.

239. A tur-key.

240. It is generally patronized by gobblers.

241. In the ground.

242. He flourishes his fan behind him.

243. 1st, 7.36. 2d, 9.56. 3d, 23. 08.

244. C-and-y—candy.

245. Because we can not make them here (hear).

246. A steel pen.

The weapon's *a steel pen*, I think,
Unless I've made a blunder;
When Hatchet dips it in the ink,
I'd like to stand from under.
"Old lady"—quotha! think of that
My goodness—heart-alive!
I tell you, Mr. Hatchet—flat!
I'm scarcely sixty-five.

247. He has many cast-off bows (beaux).

248. He is a well re(a)d man.

249. 804,247,552 square inches

250. Because c-and-y spell candy

251. The eye.

252. S I X I X X L
I X X L
S I X

253. Because it is a *certain tie* (certainty).

254. 8, 12, 20, 5.

255 To the gallows

256. The earth and firmament.

257. Because he makes faces and busts (bursts).

258. Because they "devoured widows' houses."

259. Pond-i-cherry.

260. Cross you are, cross you be,
Cross, too cross, you are for me.

261. Because the lions could not eat him.

262. (See-saw.)

263. Hi-lo.

264. It places the present (see) before the past (saw).

265. Because there is a *b* in *both*.

266. *Obscurity*, in which may be found sour, city, sty, sot, buoy, tour, story, orb, orbit, rust, rut, bust, crust.

267. He was 30 years old.

268. Exe-te-r

269. (Deaf and dumb alphabet.)

270. When they are fingered.

271 Day and night.

272. Camp-bell.

273. The letter M.

274. If he told the truth, he lied; if he lied, he told the truth.
He lied. If he did lie, he would not say so

275. He is a ma' s'iff.

276. He *chases* the deer (**dear**) and is never chased (chaste).

277. Because he is a pup-pet.

278. He must be born on the 29th of February.

279. 56 quarts difference.

280. $99\frac{9}{9}$

281. Lightning.

282. $15, and boots.

283. Against his will.

284. A whipping.

285. $16\frac{1}{2}$ = a rod.

286. He is about to fall.

287. Forty horses have 80 *fore* legs.

288. Come, ye ingenious ones, this riddle guess,
It is not difficult, you will confess.
What is that number which, if you divide,
You then will nothing leave on either side?
The number -8-

289. The alphabet.

290. NINE.

291. The year, 12 months, 30 days, night and morning, black and white.

292.
1. The Tea tree.
2. Hop vine.
3. Beech.
4. Bee.
5. India-rubber.
6. Bay.
7. Pine.
8. Yew (You, not I).
9. Fig.
10. Date.
11. Bass.
12. Honeysuckle
13. Judas.
14. Peach
15. Fir.
16. Bon Chretien
17. Broom.
18. Cypress.
19. Nightshade

ROBERT MERRY to his friends
A kindly greeting sends,
With a general assortment of questions
Conundrums, Charades,
Puzzles, Riddles of all shades,
And Rebuses, as aids
To intellectual and social digestion.

If the young Merry host
Acquaintance should boast,
Or kindred, or authorship pat,
With some of our jokes,
We confess—('tis no hoax)—
To amuse other folks,
We have *riddled* the Museum "Chat"

Now we beg you will show,
If you happen to know,
Why the Editor, painstaking soul?
Is like the cold storm
Which, in climates bright and warm,
Where gallinippers swarm,
Come shivering down from the pole?

793
St3l
18--

PREFACE

THE innumerable readers of MERRY'S MUSEUM will here meet with many familiar faces, lighted up by pleasant smiles, and hear the same old jovial laughter that greeted them in the olden time.

Our motto is that of our noble State—"EXCELSIOR!" Our readers will see that we have not buried the talents of our contributors in napkins—but seek to bring them out into the bright day: For Genius—like the lamp of Aladdin—needs constant polishing to bring out its lustre and full effect.

Our object has been to instruct by smiles—not frowns; to cheer the dear hearts of the young girlhood and boyhood; to strew flowers among the necessary thorns of existence. In a word, we try in these pages to make the sad happy—the happy still happier.

Hence, pure fun will be found as beautiful in these pages, as honey amid the flowers of Hybla

ROBERT MERRY.

6802

20. Breadfruit.
21. Orange (O-range).
22. Olive (O-live).
23. Hound.
24. Lime.
25. Linden.
26. Box.
27. Dogwood.
28. Aspen.
29. Rose.
30. Sloe.
31. Plane.
32. Tulip.
33. Spruce.
34. Tiller-tree or elm (helm).
35. Sycamore.
36. Poplar.
37. Southernwood
38. Ivy.
39. Scrub oak.
40. Burning bush
41. Hazel.
42. Lilac.
43. Elder.
44. Cork.
45. Smoke tree, or
46.
47. B
48. Dan
49. Slipper
50. Medlar.
51. Will-o!
52. Man-go.
53. Sandal.
54. Holly.
55. Clove.
56. Coffee (cof-*fee*).
57. Palm.
58. Aspen (as pen).
59. Arbor Vitæ (tree of life).
60. Tallow, snow-ball.
61. The ashes.
62. Laurel.
63. Locust.
64. Silver.
65. Woodbine.
66. Mace.
67. Vine.

293. Herschell (her shell).

294. It is in a good frame *of mind*.

295. 'Twas the fir ma' meant.

296. They are dissolved in light.

297. Newman Goodman went to the tailor to have his coat mended.

298. Too (2) great ease before marriage, too little ease after it.

299. A jail bird.

300 I X—S I X.

301. He is an imp over a shed. (Impoverished.)

302. They leave them out.

303. I—O—A
Insert W, it makes Iowa.
" T, " Iota.

304. Are—A-re-a.

...nd relatives. They ... Childs, who inclosed a few lines to Dr. Barnes and imp-lo-red his assistance. But before he arrived, the invalid died, and the undertaker was sent for

308. Beat a base-drum, or grind a hand-organ.

309. Get up a brawl, or an alarm of fire.

310. (Christmas tree.)

311. Dry-den.

312. A Cole-ridge.

313. Long-fellow.

314. A Dry-den.

315. Their king was A-gag

316. The adder.

317. A-hi-tub.

318. The last two (money).

319. The stoop.

320. When it is a-jar.

321. They are without doors

322. A-gate.

323. Read down and up,
And you will see
How I love you,
If you love me.

324. It is *sold*.

325. He is a *little better*.

326. It is *due*

327. It is a *letter* of *blood*

328. The letter A.

329. He gives it up

tern wars, when
ployed.
iate—hatch.
r.
A step farther.

334. Under a pear (pair) tree.

335. Under a hop-vine.

336. Because he is a deer.

337. The letter S.

338. First, they were not inclined to *prey*, and afterwards they were *raven*-ous.

339. He *rifles* the deer (dear).

340. One child from two parents makes 3.

Two children from two parents make 4.

341. Cab-in.

342. 2 and 2

343. The ploughshare.

344. When he "gives it up."

345. A reel.

346. The shade on the dial.

347. They are the grub that makes the butter fly.

348. It is his heir (air).

349. They are more airy.

350. The boy can see his shadow,
The shadow can't see him.

351. It has breathed into it the breath of life.

352. A soap-bubble.

353. A clock.

354. He gets wet.

355. It would make *it a lie*
It would make Italy

356. He carries his reins (heart) in his hand.

357. He may keep a watch, but he can't tell the time of day.

358. The gong makes a *din*,
The cook makes a *dinner*

359 One-sided, sir.
Once I did, sir.

360. Cloak—oak—coal—lock.

361. Wood.

362. 301.

367 The one close their eyes,
The other eye their clothes

368. A-dri-atic.

369. The letter B.

Of ell, it makes bell.
" ill, " bill.
" end " bend.
" in " bin.
" rags " brags.
" old " bold.
" one " bone.

370. He is always on the spot

371. The dog worries him.
The groom curries him;
The dog bites him,
The groom bits him.

372. The letter A.

It changed Job to Joab.
made Ner - near.
" her - hear.
" cot - coat.
" gin - gain.
" cub - Cuba.

373. Give him Merry's Museum.

374. Let him subscribe for Merry's Museum, and always pay in advance.

375. It is always expected with interest.

376. The "lap" is the place where infants repose,
And "tea" is a plant that we use;
To "Parley" 's to treat by word, I suppose,
And "pear" is a fruit we all choose.
Many youth like "to eat," I'm afraid, beyond measure,
And part of the head is the "ear,"
And what is more common than, when we feel pleasure,
Or grief, to give vent to a "tear."
"Peter Parley" 's distinguished I'm sure as a writer,
And welcom'd by all with a smile;
And surely no book is a greater exciter
Than this, which goes many a mile.

377. It is cheap at any price.

378. Merry's Museum.

379. It instructs and amuses children.

380 The one suffered wantonly;
The other from want only.

381. Her-ring.

382. Because it contains valuable articles, wood-cuts, etc.

ROBERT MERRY'S

SECOND

BOOK OF PUZZLES.

PREFACE.

In presenting to the public this New Book of Puzzles, I must present my thanks for the many kind expressions received in regard to those already published. It has been compiled during my leisure moments of the past season, for the benefit of the numerous readers of Merry's Museum, and contains, in a compact form, many of the Puzzles, Enigmas, Hieroglyphics, etc., which have appeared in the Museum, together with many new ones; and is presented with the hope that it may be the means of interesting the young folks around their own fireside homes, rather than seek amusement elsewhere.

ROBERT MERRY.

[See Page 12.

ROBERT MERRY'S

BOOK OF RHYMES.

PREFACE.

MERRY nephews, merry nieces,
Merry cousins all,
Merry aunts, with merry faces,
Merry uncles, take your places
Round the merry hall.

Here's a book of merry jingles,
Made for merry times;
Merry here with Merry mingles,
Merry groups, and Merrys single,
"Merry's Book of Rhymes."

Aunt Sue glowing, Fleta flashing,
Uncle Joe in smiles,
Mattie warbling, Buckeye dashing,
Older crowing, Hatchet slashing,
Each in his own style.

Merry nephs and nieces, meeting
Wheresoe'er you may,
Robert Merry sendeth greeting,
Hoping he may have a seat in
All your merry play.

When in merry circles chatting
Round the merry hearth,
Merry wit with wit combatting,
Merry's Rhymes will come quite pat in
To help on the mirth.

THE NEST BUILDERS.

Oh! beautiful, beautiful things!
How they range at will through the sky
Dear Mary, if I could have wings,
Oh! wouldn't I, wouldn't I fly?

I would float far away on the cloud,
All vailed in the silver mist;
And perhaps I should feel so proud,
I shouldn't come back to be kissed.

But see, sis, the sweet little creatures
Have each a straw in his beak;
A lesson of duty to teach us,
As plainly as birds can speak.

We think they are only playing,
As they roam to and fro in the sky,
But these busy fellows are saying,
"'Tis not all for pleasure we fly.

"We're building a snug little nest
In the crotch of the old elm-tree
We mean it for one of the best,
And busy enough are we.

"We would not live only for play;
And when for a song we take leisure,
We would show, in our caroling way,
How duty is wedded to pleasure."

KINDNESS.

A ROSE was faint, and hung its head,
One sultry summer's day,
When a Zephyr kindly fann'd its cheek,
Then sped upon its way.

That Zephyr now, where'er it roams,
Delicious perfume brings.
So kindness gathers, as it goes,
A fragrance for its wings. AUNT SUE

SNOW-FLAKES.

Are the snow-flakes pearly flowers
That in the skies have birth,
And gently fall in gleaming showers
Upon this barren earth?

Or, are they fleecy locks of wool,
From sheep that wander by
The silver streams, that, singing, roll
Through valleys in the sky?

Or, are they downy feathers, cast
By little birds above,
And hurried earthward by the blast,
Bright messengers of love?

No, they are pearly blossoms, flung
From heaven's airy bowers,
To recompense us for the loss
Of summer's blooming flowers.

MATTIE BELL

SPRING FLOWERS.

With what a lavish hand
God beautifies the earth,
When everywhere, all o'er the land,
Sweet flowers are peeping forth!

Down by the babbling brook,
Up in the silent hills,
The glen, the bower, the shady nook,
Their breath with fragrance fills

They creep along the hedge,
They climb the rugged height,
And, leaning o'er the water's edge,
Blush in their own sweet light.

They seem to breathe and talk;
They pour into my ear,
Where'er I look, where'er I walk,
A music soft and clear.

They have no pride of birth,
No choice of regal bower;
The humblest, lowliest spot on earth
May claim the fairest flower.

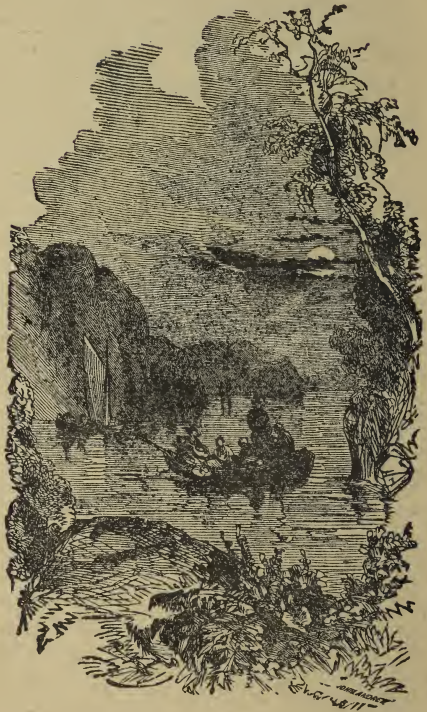
TOP PHILOSOPHY.

Children must be busy,
  Always something learning;
Toys and trinkets, for their secrets,
  Inside-outward turning.

While the top is spinning,
  Boys are wondering all,
How it stands erect unaided,
  Why it does not fall.

While the top is humming,
  Still the wonder grows,
By what art the little spinner
  Whistles as it goes.

Children learn while playing;
  Children play while learning;
Pastimes, often more than lessons,
  Into knowledge turning.



BY THE LAKE.

Moonlight gleams upon the lake;
Noiselessly the waters break
On the white and pebbly shore,
Then return, to break once more.

Yonder moon, the sky's bright green,
Glitters in its depths serene,
And the stars, above that glow,
Seem another heaven below.

On the white lake shore I stand,
Where the waters meet the land,
Shadows all around me lie,
Shutting out the starry sky—

Shutting out the world around,
In their close and narrow bound,
And the past awhile doth seem,
But a half-forgotten dream.

In the starry night, alone,
Earthly cares and thoughts are gone.
In this silence deep and still,
Who could harbor thought of ill?

Far from all the care and strife,
All the agony of life,
Who would deem the sun could rise
On earth's thousand miseries?

One by one my thoughts come back
To the old, familiar track,
And I turn me from the shore,
To the busy world once more.

ADELBERT OLDER.

GENTLE WORDS.

KIND words revive the weary soul,
And cheer its saddest hours,
As dew refreshes drooping leaves,
And brightens fading flowers.

They fall, like sunshine, round the path
Of those who weary roam,
And are the "open sesame"
To every heart and home.

We know the spring will soon appear,
When round us flies the swallow,
So kind words should be harbingers
Of gentle deeds which follow.

Upon the brow of want and care
The joys of life they fling,
And change the soul's dark night to-day
Its winter into spring.

Then let your deeds be gentle deeds,
Your words be words of love;
They are the brightest gems which shine
In angels' crowns above. MATTIE R.

THE FROST.

The Frost looked forth one still, clear night,
And whispered, "Now I shall be out of sight;
So through the valley and over the height
In silence I'll take my way.
I will not go on like that blustering train—
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain;
But I'll be as busy as they."

Then he flew to the mountain, and powdered its crest;
He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dress'd
In diamond beads; and over the breast
Of the quivering lake he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The downward point of many a spear,
That he hung on its margin, far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane, like a fairy, crept;
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepp'd,
By the light of the morn were seen
Most beautiful things; there were flowers and trees;
There were bevies of birds, and swarms of bees;
There were cities with temples and towers: and these
All pictured in silver sheen!

But he did one thing that was hardly fair—
He peeped in the cupboard, and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare—
"Now, just to set them a-thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he,
"This costly pitcher I'll burst in three;
And the glass of water they've left for me
Shall 'tchick!' to tell them I'm drinking!"

Miss H. F. Gould

SKATING—WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

Why may not a woman skate?
She can walk, and run, and ride—
In dance, or hop, she's always great—
Prithee why not skate or slide?
Skating is a useful art,
Full of dignity and grace;
Exercises limb and heart,
Gives the blood a healthful pace.

Why may not a woman skate?
Swan-like grace and queenly sway
Mark the vigorous, blooming Kate,
Sailing down yon glittering way.
Look! what conscious grace and power
In those broad, out-sweeping strides,
As down the silver-gleaming floor,
With still increasing speed she glides

Why may not a woman skate?
Often on the frozen Scheldt,
Buxom Dutch girls, early, late,
For the prize of speed have dealt.

Sometimes from the inland town
To the city mart, or fair,
They in merry bands glide down,
And their precious burdens bear.

Why may not a woman skate?
To a friend's, long miles away,
Oft they sail, with heart elate,
To make a call, or pass the day.
Often so do lovers meet,
Whispering, wooing, billing, cooing,
While upon their iron feet,
Miles and miles of talk they're doing.

Why may not a woman skate?
What though ankles she reveal!
Skater's ankles, critics state,
Are not over-much genteel.
What of that!—a trifling charge!
There's a right for every wrong—
If the ankle's somewhat large,
May be 'tis well set and strong.

Why may not a woman skate?
Six times we have put the question;
No one rising in debate,
No one offering a suggestion.

Silence gives consent. So, then,
Pretty girls, and women, too,
No less than rude boys and men,
May put on the iron shoe.

Try it, girls—ay, try the skate—
Good for service, seldom tired,
Able to sustain its weight,
Never weak, nor loosely wired—
The well-tried ankle you will find
In your need-hour just the one;
Bind your skates on—never mind!—
You will find it right good fun.

SCHOOL SONNET.

SPELL, spell, spell!
A dozen words or more;
To your task and learn it well—
School days will soon be o'er.

Write, write, write!
A page all bright and clean;
Seize the moments in their flight,
No lost one fall between.

Learn, learn, learn!
Some useful thing each day·
From early morn till night returns,
Waste not your time in play.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

It is said that the flowers, as well as the birds,
Have a language peculiar, with phrases and words;
And that oft, in the hush of a warm summer day,
You may hear, if you listen, whatever they say.

I have doubted till lately, and thought it was all
The whim of some dreamer, whom poet they call;
But since the sweet seventh of June, fifty-one,
My doubts have all vanished, like mists in the sun.

As I walked in the garden I saw a sweet rose,
Such as seldom on this side of Paradise grows,
With a deep, deepening blush overspreading its cheek,
Leaning down to a lily, as if it would speak.

Behind a tall orange in bloom, as it spread
Its rich fragrant shadow all over the bed,
Unperceived by the parties, I paused in my walk
And, in truth, overheard an intelligent talk.

First, a low, distant murmur arrested my ear,
Like the memory of tones which in dreaming we hear;
Then, clear and distinct, though subtile as thought,
Their simple, articulate language I caught.

"Thou fairest of gems," said the rose, bending down,
"Too sweet for the earth and too chaste for a crown,
I would thou wert taller, that here, in my place,
The world might appreciate thy sweetness and grace."

"Nay, nay, lovely rose," the fair lily replied,
"It is safer in humble retirement to hide;
Earth's praises I court not; my graces were given
To exhale, in their careless redundance, to heaven."

As the rest of their talk was of love, and as I
Was acting the part of an eaves-dropping spy,
I will not report it; but this I have told,
As conveying a lesson for young and for old.

THE SONG OF THE EXILE

Blow, blow, ye winds, from the wide blue sea!
Oh, cool the heat of this fevered brow,
And still this heart with such melody
As your fluttering wings are wafting now!

Bear on, bear on, from that distant shore,
The loving tones of a household band
Whose cherished forms I see no more,
Ye voices dim from my fatherland!

Such sad, sweet thoughts to me ye bring
Of my own far home with its ivied walls,
Of the vine-wreathed porch, where the zephyr sings
Through the rustling leaves, and the sunbeam falls—

Of the threshold stone, and the open door,
Of the kindred forms that gathered there,
At the stilly eve full hearts to pour,
In a gush of song on the listening air—

Of the noisy flow of the little brook,
Whose mossy banks our footsteps haunted;
Of winds which half their sweetness took
From fragrant bowers our hands had planted.

FLETA FORRESTER.

JOHN ANDRE

THE HARVEST.

Trusting in the patient earth
For the coming need,
Went the hopeful sower forth,
Bearing precious seed.

Precious seed and full of hope,
Scattered far and wide,
O'er the plain—along the slope—
And by the river side.

Softened by the vernal rain,
Quickened by the sun,
Every little planted grain
Peep'd forth, one by one.

Nourished by the rain and dew,
And the genial light,
Blade by blade it upward grew,
Growing day and night.

Waving in the summer gales,
Bowing to the blast,
O'er the teeming intervales,
Ripening to the last.

Duly to the harvest white,
Goldenly it glows,
As with grateful heart, and light,
Forth the reaper goes.

Brightly as the sickle swings,
Flashing in the sun,
Merrily the reaper sings,
While the moments run.

Onward as the strong man goes,
Fall the golden heads,
Till the grain, in beauteous rows,
All the field o'erspreads.

Gather, gather now with care,
Binding up your sheaves,
Save what holy thrift and prayer
For the gleaner leaves.

Now, upon the groaning wain,
Pile your treasures high,
Thankful for the gentle rain,
And the genial sky.

Grateful for the bounteous earth,
Trusting all to come,
Now with songs of cheerful mirth,
Bring the harvest home.

Dance and sing in joyous ring,
Ere the day grows dim;
Rejoice, rejoice, with heart and voice,
Shout, shout the Harvest Hymn.

THE SNOW-HOUSE.

"A palace, or a cot—it matters not.

THE SNOW-HOUSE.

See, Charlie, out there, by the elm tree,
The snow has been eddying round,
And has made, for our winter snow-house,
A broad and beautiful mound.

Come, Charlie, bring out your shovel,
And soon we will let them see
How nice, how snug, and how cosy,
Our winter palace can be.

The door shall be arched and lofty,
The room within shall be round;
And we'll have a fireplace and chimney,
And a carpet of straw for the ground.

Then we'll have a magnificent party,
And all our friends receive,
With chestnuts, popped corn, and candy,
On Christmas or New Year's eve.

The Merrys all shall be invited,
Around our board to sit;
They with our house will be delighted,
And we'll enjoy their wit.

COLD WATER.

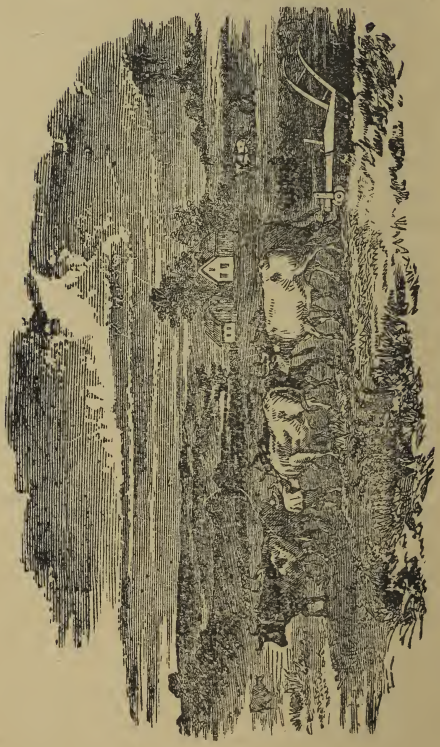
Cold water, pure, sparkling, and bright,
Cold water forever for me;
Cold water *you*, too, must drink to-night,
Who have come to our apple spree.

For nothing else you will get to drink,
Of that most sure you may be;
No *wine*, no *brandy* will we allow
At our red-apple spree.

No *cider*, no *rum*, no *lager bier*,
Or any such stuff will you see;
But pure cold water, fresh from the pump
We will have at our apple spree.

Drink as much as you will, good friends and true,
For nothing it costs, you see,
And in these hard times it is best to have
An economical spree.

So a spree we will have, and a jolly one too,
And none the worse shall we be
To-morrow, for having joined to-night
In a real red-apple spree. RUTH



THE GOOD OLD PLOW.

Let them laud the notes that in music float
Through the bright and glittering hall,
While the amorous whirl of the hair's bright curl
Round the shoulders of beauty fall;
But dearest to me is the song of the tree,
And the rich and the blossoming bough—
Oh! these are the sweets which the rustic greets
As he follows the good old plow.

All honor be, then, to those gray old men,
When at last they are bowed with toil;
Their warfare then o'er, they battle no more
For they've conquered the stubborn soil;
And the chaplet he wears is his silver hairs,
And ne'er shall the victor's brow
With a laurel crown in his grave go down.
Like the sons of the good old plow.

WINTER.

Who does not love the Winter,
When all on earth below,
The houses, streams, the trees, and rocks,
Are covered o'er with snow—
When all is fair which once was bare,
And all is bright and gay,
When down the hillside rush the sleds,
Nor stop till far away?

And then the noise of all the boys,
When snow-balls fly around—
The snow-king in the meadow-field,
With icy jewels crowned—
And sparkling as the purest gold,
The scepter in his hand,
While icy courtiers, grim and still,
Await his high command.

And then when evening closes in
Around the household hearth,
We love to sit while jokes pass round,
And all is joy and mirth.
And then recount with ready tongues
The mishaps of the day,
Of plunges in the deep snow-drifts
When at our joyous play.

And though the Spring may boast its flowers,
And all its green-clad trees;
Though Summer, with its healthy showers,
Brings many a cooling breeze;
And though in Autumn with the crops
Of grain and fruit we're blest,
Yet still I can not help but say,
I love the Winter best. S. W.

JOHN ANGELO

JUNE

'Tis a truth that earnest students,
With books and nature who commune,
Are in thought and feeling quickened
By the skies and breath of June.

While in boyhood, what could match it?
Schoolmates call so opportune;
"Come with me and range the forest—
Recreate, this day of June."

Sister-schoolmates, gathering posies,
Stop to hear the red-breast's tune,
And laugh at pretty squirrels running
Up the trees, in leafy June.

After-life, for prizes striving,
The student toils for lengthened rune—
Spirit (so success) is wafted
To him by the breath of June.

Month of months—let's sing its praises!
Museum-readers, join the tune—
The freshest leaves, the brightest flowers,
All are thine, sweet month of June.

WORK AND PLAY.

With mamma for a teacher,
'Tis easy to learn;
Her eye gives her boy courage,
As hard pages turn.

She says, "Now, my dear Fred,
Learn every word right;
If you're patient, the hard spots
Will vanish from sight.

"When this task is well finished,
Your *work* will be done;
Then the time comes for playing,
Says every one.

"Your fleet rock-horse is waiting,
And baby shall see."
Freddy learned well his lessons,
And rides full of glee.

DON'T tell me of to-morrow,
There is much to do to-day,
That can never be accomplished,
If we throw the hours away.
Every moment has its duty—
Who the future can foretell?
Then why put off till to-morrow,
What to-day can do as well?

THE BUTTERFLY.

"Don't kill me,"—caterpillar said,
As Clara raised her heel,
Upon the humble worm to tread,
As though it could not feel.

"Don't kill me—I will crawl away,
And hide me from your sight,
And when I come, some other day,
You'll view me with delight."

The caterpillar went and hid
In some dark, quiet place,
Where none could look on what he did,
To change his form and face.

And then, one day, as Clara read
Within a shady nook,
A butterfly, superbly dressed,
Alighted on her book.

His shining wings were dotted o'er
With gold, and blue, and green,
And Clara owned she naught before
So beautiful had seen.

COLD WATER.

You may boast of your brandy and wine as you please,
Gin, cider, and all the rest;
Cold water transcends them in all the degrees,
It is *good*—it is BETTER—'tis BEST.
It is good to warm you when you are cold,
Good to cool you when you are hot;
It is good for the young—it is good for the old,
Whatever their outward lot.
It is better than brandy to quicken the blood,
It is better than gin for the colic;
It is better than wine for the generous mood,
Than whisky or rum for a frolic.
'Tis the best of all drinks for quenching your thirst,
'Twill revive you for work or for play;
In sickness or health, 'tis the best and the first—
Oh! try it—you'll find it will pay.

THE TELEGRAPH—ITS SECRET.

Looking up in musing wonder
At the silent wires above him,
And profoundly meditating,
Suddenly says Mike—that's Michael—
Suddenly says Pat—that's Patrick—
"Can you show me, can you tell me,
How it is that news and letters,
How it is that big newspapers,
Full of news, and fun, and wisdom,
Travel ever back and forward,
Travel with the speed of lightning—
Always going, always coming,
And yet never interfering;
While we, sitting under, watching,
Can not see them, can not hear them,
Can not draw their secret from them;
Can not tell how 'tis they do it,
Can not quite believe they do it,
Though we all the while do know it?"

"Should you ask me, Mike"—that's Michael—
"Should you ask," says Pat—that's Patrick—
"How these silent wires above us
Talk, and write, and carry letters—
Carry news, and carry orders,
Though we can not see nor hear them,
Sitting under, watching, listening—
Can not see them, can not hear them,
Can not catch the smallest whisper
Of the messages they carry—
I should answer, I should tell you,
That those little wires are hollow,
With a passage running through them
From the one end to the other;
And they send, not papers through them,
And they send, not written letters;
But they send —these strange magicians—
Through those passages so narrow,
Whispering spirits, living fairies,
Flying ever back and forward,
Message-bearing, hither, thither—
Faithful messengers, that tell not
You, nor me, though watching, listening,
What the messages they carry.'

"Och! indade," says Mike—that's Michael—
"Do you know it, Pat"—that's Patrick—
"Do you know it Pat, for certain?

Have you seen the whispering spirits?
Have you seen these living fairies?
Have you heard them shooting by us?
Have you heard their fairy whisper?
Tell me, do you know it, surely?
Tell me, is it only blarney?"

Then in anger, Pat—that's Patrick—
Proudly answered, "Mike"—that's Michael—
"Sure you know I'm Pat"—that's Patrick—
"Sure you know I was in College;
Four long years in F——m College—
Hewing wood and bearing water,
Kindling fires, and chores achieving,
For the great and learned scholars
Of the mighty F——m College.
So you needn't, Mike"—that's Michael—
"Set me down for a Know-Kothing;
Needn't reckon me a Hindoo;
Needn't doubt that what I tell you
Is as true as if a lawyer
Should have told it to a jury;
Or as if a man in Congress
Or in caucus said and swore it
On his everlasting honor,
On his faith and on his conscience;
This, I trust, will satisfy you."

THE UMBRELLA, AND THE APRIL SHOWER.

Keep close—we'll crowd the closer,
The harder it shall pour;
'Tis seldom one umbrella
Is called to shelter four;
But ours is large and generous,
And has a heart for more.

Yet faster, and yet faster,
The pelting sheets arrive,
And our one good umbrella
Is bound to shelter five,
For we are packed as snugly
As bees within a hive.

Now let it come in torrents—
We're snug as snug can be;
What cares our brave umbrella
For five, or four, or three?
On every side 'tis shedding
The rain in careless glee.

The clouds are very leaky,
The bottom must be out,

But, with our good umbrella,
We have no fear nor doubt,
Though every stick above us
Rains like a tiny spout.

Heigho! 'tis coming faster,
The bottles sure have burst;
But hark! the brave umbrella
Says, "Clouds, do *now* your worst,
If you would wet these children,
You must destroy me first."

They must have thrown wide open
The windows of the sky;
But, with our good umbrella,
I think we'll get home dry;
Or, if we do get sprinkled,
We'll neither fret nor cry.

Step lightly, bonnie sister,
Keep close, sweet little pet,
With such a brave umbrella,
We shall not be much wet;
But Prink will have a drenching,
On that I'll make a bet.

How like a river torrent
It pours along the street!

Prink cares not for umbrellas,
To him a bath's a treat,
And our good India-rubbers
Are umbrellas for our feet.

What's that you say, dear Nellie?
'Tis dropping on your arm?
Indeed, our kind umbrella
Didn't mean you any harm;
And soon the good snug parlor
Will make all dry and warm.

Ha! ha! the wind is rising,
But we are almost there.
What if our good umbrella
Should fly away in air!
Run, Prink, and say we're coming,
And open the gate—do you hear!

THE OSTRICH.

Let the fur-clad Laplander boast
Of the reindeer's bird-like speed;
Let the Arab, for riding post,
Bet high on his mettlesome steed;

Let the Briton talk loud of the chase
With the fox, or the hare, or the stag:
Let the Yankee, stark mad in the race,
Count miles by the minutes, and brag!

The bird of the desert is ours—
Competitors all we defy –
A bird of such wonderful powers—
We scarce know if we ride or we fly.

You have all of the hippogriff heard.
For mettle and speed a rare thing,
Half-breed betwixt courser and bird,
Keeping pace with foot and with wing.

The bird of the desert is he,
The ostrich of beautiful plume,
Skimming earth, as a swallow the sea,
Or an eagle the lofty blue dome.

He laughs at the speed of the hind,
For pursuers he feels no concern,
He travels ahead of the wind,
And leaves the dull lightning astern.

THE PLOWMAN.

Turn up the generous soil—
'Tis rich in hidden wealth,
And well repays your earnest toil
With plenty, peace, and health.

Plow with a bold, strong hand—
Drive deep the glittering share;
No surface-scratching will command
Earth's treasures rich and rare.

Then, if you'd freely reap,
With bounteous freedom sow—
And while you wake, and while you sleep,
The precious grain will grow.

ON A GOOD HOUSE-DOG CALLED "WATCH."

Poor faithful Watch! thy watch of life is o'er,
And mute and senseless near the kitchen door
Thou lay'st, a breathless corpse, where thou stood to
guard before;
Thy pliant temper, known and praised by all,
Thy prompt obedience to thy master's call;
Whether to climb the hill, or scour the plain,
Or drive encroaching hogs from out the lane;
Thy quick return, on motion of his hand,
To guard the door, or wait a fresh command;
Thy joy to meet at eve, with fawning play,
Domestic faces, absent but a day;
Thy bark, that might the boldest thief affright,
And patient watch through many a dreary night—
All speak thy worth, but none could save thy breath,
For what is merit 'gainst the shafts of Death?
Sleep, then, my dog! thy tour of duty o'er,
Where thief and trav'ler can disturb no more;
Content t' have gained all that thou now canst have
Thy master's plaudit and a peaceful grave!

GONE—ALL GONE!

By the bubbling fount 'mid the greenwood shades,
In the leafy world of the forest glades,
No more the birds, at the blush of morn,
Trill their sweet notes; they are gone—all gone!

Voices of summer, I've listed long
For the witching strains of your matin song;
Through the woodland dim, o'er the rustling lawn,
I have sought you oft; but you're gone—all gone!

No more do you start in your still retreat
At the thundering tramp of the horses' feet,
Or the wandering note of the bugle horn;
But the woods are mute, for you're gone—all gone!

Mid the wild wood's haunts, through your lonely nests
The rude winds play, and the snow-wreath rests
In their yielding curve, while in jeering scorn
The cold blast whistles, "Gone—all gone!"

They say that ye sing 'neath a sunnier arch
Of the azure skies, where the seasons' march
Brings but one endless vernal dawn;
But my heart is sad, for you're gone—all gone!

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

The Christmas tree!
The Christmas tree!
O gather around it now;
Its fruits are free
For you and for me,
And they hang from every bough.

Its flowers are bright,
And they grew in a night!
For yesterday it was bare
Did ever you see
An evergreen tree
So fruitful and so fair?

Look! here is a rose!
And who would suppose
An orange and a pear
Would grow by the side
Of the garden's pride?
But here, you see, they are.

And, stranger yet,
Here's a bon-bon, set
On the same identical stem,
With two plums, so big
That a neighboring fig
Seems lost in the shadow of them.

And here, what's this?
As I live, 'tis a kiss,
And just where a kiss should be;
A tulip full blown,
Hard by it is shown—
Indeed, 'tis a wonderful tree.

Here, bravo! I've found
MERRY'S MUSEUM, bound—
This must be the Tree of Knowledge;
Besides which, behold!
All lettered in gold,
A poem fresh out from the college.

Hold! hold! my good sirs,
Here's a nice set of furs—
'Tis a fir-tree, you all must agree;
And here, not *incog.*,
Is a sweet sugar-hog—
Does that make a mahogany-tree?

Oh! who would have guessed?
Here's a nice little chest,
Of course 'tis a chestnut-tree;
Not so fast, cousin Knox,
Here's a beautiful box—
A box-tree it surely must be.

Your proof something lacks,
For here is an ax.
You must own 'tis an axle-tree now;
Hallo! here's a whip,
For your horsemanship—
'Tis a whipple-tree, then, you'll allow

What now shall be said?
Here are needles and thread—
Let's see—shall we call it tremend(o)us?
Oh, pshaw! pray do stop,
I'm ready to drop—
Your puns are absurdly stupendous.

MY MOTHER'S BIRTHPLACE.

It was just outside of the village,
In a cool, sequestered nook,
On the right was the murmuring forest,
On the left was the babbling brook.
Behind, the o'ershadowing mountain
Reared its gray old head to the sky,
While before it, the widening valley
Stretched out like a sea to the eye.

'Twas a rare, sweet spot, and a lovely
As ever this fair world knew;
There spring came earliest always,
And summer the latest withdrew.
Day reluctantly left it at evening,
And hastened to greet it at dawn,
And stars, birds, and flowers loved to visit
THE PLACE WHERE MY MOTHER WAS BORN

THE SONG OF BOB LINCOLN.

BY UNCLE TIM.

It was a beautiful morning, quite early in May,
The fathers all plowing, the children all play;
The mothers all spinning, as busy as bees,
And the birds quite as busy all round in the trees;
While some were singing songs over and over,
Sometimes in the tree-tops, then down in the clover,
Young Robert was trying his very best notes,
And the strength of his song by the length of his throat.

CHORUS—Envy me, envy me,
Cordially, cordially,
Fiddlesticks, fiddlesticks!
Just act your pleasure, sir.

Sometimes he was singing to Jemmy the farmer,
And then to Miss Alice, and trying to charm her;
Next moment he'd light on the top of a thistle
And either be singing or trying to whistle:
Miss Alice, Miss Alice! it will give me much pleasure
To sing you a sonnet while I am at leisure.
I will sing you a good one, and very explicit,
And stop when I choose, or whenever you wish it.

CHORUS—Certainly, certainly, etc.

While Jemmy is plowing and learning to whistle,
My wife is at home, in the shade of a thistle,
In a neat little nest, with a wild rose behind it.
You need not look for it, for you never can find it.
The farmer is plowing, and soon will be mowing;
While he's cutting the daisies his corn will be growing.
When the heads on the barley are ripe, and the cherry,
Mary Lincoln and I will be singing so merry.

CHORUS—Cordially, cordially,
Envy me, envy me,
Fiddlesticks, fiddlesticks!
Just act your pleasure, sir.

When the leaves on the trees and the flowers on the clover
Are withered and faded, and Summer is over;
When the grass on the meadows is leveled and gone,
We will sing our last sonnet and leave you alone.
We will fly far away to the rice and the cotton;
But let not our thistle and rose be forgotten.
We are certain to come again early in Spring,
And bring some choice music, which we promise to sing.

CHORUS—Cordially, cordially,
Envy me, envy me,
Fiddlesticks, fiddlesticks!
Just act your pleasure, sir.

A WILL AND A WAY.

A LAPLAND merchant must needs, one day,
To a distant market go;
But he had no horse, and he had no sleigh,
To carry him over the snow.

"Yet go I must," said the sturdy man—
"There is a way for every will—
Each new necessity has its plan,
For the earnest mind to fulfill."

So he drew, from the ice-bound river, a scow,
And lined it with furs and moss,
Then harnessed a reindeer to its prow,
With a rope his horns across.

No track was there—but the traveler knew
The way over valley and plain;
Like a well-trained steed, the reindeer flew,
And brought him safe back again.

The fashion he set is in fashion now,
Among the fur-clad Norse;
They use for a sleigh a flat-bottomed scow,
And a reindeer for a horse.

Said the resolute man, "They shall serve my turn,
Whatever we must, we may,
And sooner or later each man will learn,
That *where there's a will there's a way.*"

BLOWING BUBBLES.

THE boys were blowing bubbles,
Bright red, and green, and blue,
And every changing color
That ever mortal knew.
They floated in the window,
And glided past my chair,
But in a moment perished,
And faded in the air.

The boys, with shouts and laughter,
Blew till quite out of breath,
While high in the leafy maple
The bubbles gleamed till death.
Too much like earthly pleasure
Seemed the bubbles, bright and gay;
They charm a fleeting moment,
Then vanish, away—away.

Sweet love's ecstatic potion
Our spirits long to sip,
But Death may dash the nectar
From the unsullied lip.
And he who quaffs the longest,
Whose heart divinely glows,
Finds clouds will gather round him,
For earthly joys must close.

Some grasp at wealth's bright beacon,
And follow where it leads—
Sometimes to fairest honor,
Sometimes to foulest deeds
And often proves a bubble,
A floating thing of air—
Eludes the weary victim,
And leaves him starving there.

If love's so frail a treasure,
And wealth may fade away;
If earthly joys are changing,
And fame lives but a day;
Then where are shining jewels
That will not break at last,
And leave us, eager viewers,
All mourning for the past.

High in the holy heavens,
A pearl of price untold
Shines brighter far than rubies,
More precious than fine gold.
It cannot fade or perish,
Can never pass away;
It is a hope in Jesus,
A trust in God alway! M. A. L.

AFTER SCHOOL

Just look upon that group of boys,
Brim full of frolic, spunk, and noise,
When, at the word, "The school is done,"
They rush to liberty and fun.

Pell-mell, they run, and jump, and leap,
Tumbling in one promiscuous heap,
Until you wonder by what token
They 'scape with heads and limbs unbroken.

Bold, reckless, cunning, cool, or sly,
What won't they do? what won't they try?
They're up to every kind of scheme,
To test their strength, and let off steam.

'Tis an epitome of life,
Without its shades of care and strife;
Each has his private joke, and cracks it,
Regardless how the other takes it.

And there's the point—boys take rough jokes
More pleasantly than older folks,
Not heeding much what's said or done,
So they can have their fill of fun.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

Sweet bird! that through the shadows
Of the night, so sad and lone,
Warblest thy notes of gladness,
With softly thrilling tone.

'Tis when the gloom is deepest,
And all is hushed in fear,
Save that night-winds are moaning
Through the stillness dark and drear;

'Tis then thy voice is sweetest,
And seems wafted from above,
As to the sad and sorrowing
Come words of hope and love.

Thou'rt heard within the casement,
Through the weary night of pain;
And thy warble is an earnest
That the day will come again.

Methinks thou art a spirit-bird,
Sent from a holier sphere;
Such spirits do not linger
Amidst the sorrowing here.

LEAP-FROG.

That's right, Benny, go it strong,
Go it high, and go it long,
Swiftly run, and boldly leap,
Froggy Charles is quite a heap.

Charley Frog, now take your jump;
Benny, make yourself a lump;
'Tis a wholesome sport and rare—
Rest and toil an equal share.

Now you're down, and now you're up;
Now you leap, and now you stoop;
Now you rest, and now you run;
Any way, 'tis right good fun.

A WORLD OF LOVE AT HOME

The earth hath treasures fair and bright.
Deep buried in her caves,
And ocean hideth many a gem
With his blue, curling waves;
Yet not within her bosom dark,
Or 'neath the dashing foam,
Lives there a treasure equaling
A world of love at home!

True, sterling happiness and joy
Are not with gold allied,
Nor can it yield a pleasure like
A merry fireside.
I envy not the man who dwells
In stately hall or dome,
If, 'mid his splendor, he hath not
A world of love at home.

The friends whom time hath proved sincere,
'Tis they alone can bring
A sure relief to hearts that droop
'Neath sorrow's heavy wing.
Though care and trouble may be mine,
As down life's path I roam,
I'll heed them not while still I have
A world of love at home.

I MUST HASTEN HOME.

I MUST hasten home, said a rosy child,
Who had gayly roamed for hours;
I must hasten home to my mother dear—
She will seek me amid the bowers.
If she chides, I will seal her lips with a kiss,
And offer her all my flowers.

I must hasten home, said a beggar girl,
As she carried the pitiful store

Of crumbs and scraps of crusted bread,
She had gathered from door to door;
I must hasten home to my mother dear -
She is feeble, and old, and poor!

I must hasten home, said the ball-room belle,
As day began to dawn;
And the glittering jewels her dark hair decked,
Shone bright as the dews of morn;
I'll forsake the joys of this changing world,
Which leave in the heart but a thorn.

I must hasten home, said a dying youth,
Who had vainly sought for fame—
Who had vowed to win a laurel wreath,
And immortalize his name;
But, a stranger, he died on a foreign shore—
All the hopes he had cherished were vain.

I am hastening home, said an aged man,
As he gazed on the grassy sod,
Where oft, ere age had silvered his hairs,
His feet had lightly trod;
Farewell! farewell to this lovely earth,
I am hastening home to God.

THE EVENING PRAYER

With meek and simple faith,
A child's confiding love,
The infant cherub kneels to breathe
His prayer to God above.
And all the host of heaven is there,
To listen to that infant prayer.

"God, bring dear father home,
God, make dear mother well,
God, make me good, and let us come
All in Thy house to dwell."
Then, while their watch good angels keep,
"God giveth His beloved s'eep."

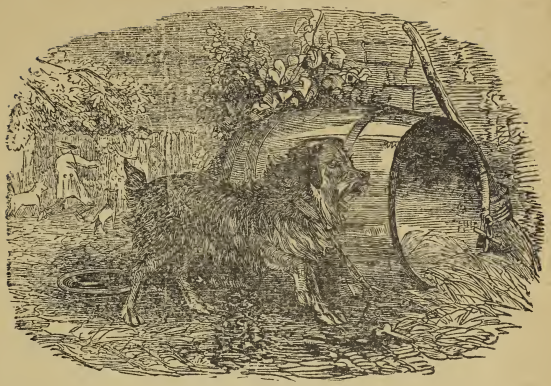
ACROSTIC.

Roses and tulips, with all their gay train,
O'er garden and landscape cause beauty to reign.
By the brook, or the hillside, or light woody grove,
Enchanted—delighted—on, smiling, we rove;
'Rapt up in fond thoughts of the verdure and bloom,
'Till autumn's cold frost sweeps the whole to the tomb.

My emotions, when life seems thus passing and vain,
Even wisdom and prudence can hardly restrain.
Rude winter now comes, and with sleet, hail, and snow,
Right and left sends his arrows, as shivering we go.
Yet I see there's a chance, even *now*, to be cheery,
Sitting snug by the fire, with old *Robert Merry*.

My cosy old friend, no winter is found
Unfurled in thy pages the whole season round!
Still birds sing their songs in some warm, sunny clime
Ever speaking in music and talking in rhyme;
Unless you may tell us some odd tale that's true,
Making all of us merry, *Old Merry*, with you!

B.



OUR NEBBY.

Sure I am, I do not know
Why we love our Nebby so;
But I am sure, as sure can be,
Nebby knows why he loves me.
Mattie feeds Neb every day,
And 'tis as good as any play,
Just to see his pranks and freaks.
When to Nebby Mattie speaks.
When I go home from the store,
Nebby meets me at the door,
And says, most eloquently dumb,
"Nebby 's glad that you have come."
Nebby is a little pet;
Nebby don't know how to fret;
But he knows the tenderest part
Of our Mattie's tender heart.

THE NEW SONG.

WHENCE that sweet, inspiring strain,
Pealing on my ravished ear?
Hark! its thrilling notes again
From the courts of heaven I hear—
"Hallelujah to the Lamb,
Who hath bought us with His blood!
Honor, glory to His name,
We through Him are sons of God."
Angels fain their notes would join
With that vast, triumphant song;
But *their* harps, though all divine,
Ne'er can reach that wondrous song.
Learned on earth, and new in heaven,
Only they its chords can know
Who to God by grace are given,
Ransomed from the depths of woe.
Angels can not know or tell,
In their pure, unfallen bliss,
How a soul, redeemed from hell,
Sings the mystery of grace!
They the chosen, countless throng,
Ever round the throne above,
In their new and endless song,
Celebrate redeeming love.

THE CHINAMAN.

The Chinaman his life consumes,
On opium regaling—
The Yankee his tobacco fumes
With equal zest inhaling—
Though trembling nerves and fitful glooms
Warn them that health is failing.
For almost everything that's done
Some reason wit supposes,
But for the smoker's faith, not one
The keenest wit discloses;
'Tis filthy, vulgar, costly fun,
Hateful to all good noses.

AN INDIAN DANDY.

Well, isn't that a funny dress?
You think he must be cruel,
With human bones set round his crown,
And skulls in place of jewels.

Yet in his countenance you see
Nothing severe or savage,
As if, with cannibal intent,
Our whole domain he'd ravage.

There's no accounting for our tastes,
("*De gustibus*," and so forth;)
Some dote on very slender waists,
Some like hooped cisterns go forth.

Sneer not at Indian or Malay,
Nor get into a passion;
He does as you do day by day—
Follows the latest fashion.

White dandies strut in stove-pipe hats,
White women go bare-headed;
Which is most proper, red or white,
We leave in doubt deep shaded.

THE SHADOW.

One sunny day a child went Maying—
When lo, while 'mid the zephyrs playing
He saw his shadow at his back!
He turned and fled, but on his track
The seeming goblin came apace,
And step for step gave deadly chase!

Weary at last, with desperate might
The urchin paused and faced the fright,
When lo, the demon, thin and gray,
Faded amid the grass away!

'Tis thus in life—when shadows chase,
If we but meet them face to face,
What seemed a fiend in fear arrayed,
Sinks at our feet a harmless shade.

PETER PARLEY

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